THE WORKS OF *ALEXANDER POPE*, Esq;

VOL. II. PART II.

THE

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OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

VOL. II. PART II.

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Containing all such Pieces of this Author as were written since the former Volumes, and never before publish'd in Octavo.

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ONE THOUSAND
SEVEN HUNDRED
AND
THIRTY EIGHT.

A

ONE THOUSAND

SEVEN HUNDRED

AND

ONE THOUSAND

THIRTY EIGHT.

A

DIALOGUE.

ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr.

NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, besides, too *Moral* for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel ——
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from *Horace*; *Horace* long before ye,
Said, Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
To laugh at Fools who put their trust in *Peter*.
But *Horace*, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *Vice*:

Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the Crown*,
Blunt could *do Bus'ness*, H—ggins *knew the Town*,
In Sapho touch the *Failings of the Sex*,
In rev'rend Su—n note some *small Neglects*,
And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,
Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.
His sly, polite, insinuating stile
Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:
An artful Manager, that crept between
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen*. †
But 'faith your very Friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
The Great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir ROBERT—

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r;
Seen him uncumber'd with the Venal tribe
Smile without art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt,
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

† *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico*
Tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit.

PERS.

P. Why

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* ſtill you may be free;
A Horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at *Honeſty*!
A Joke on JAKYL, or ſome odd *Old Whig*
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig:
A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their Faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old Virtue, as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the Man, ſo near
"His Prince, that writes in Verſe, and has his ear?
Why anſwer LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
The worthy Youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verſes vile, his Whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* caſe.
Sejanus, *Wolſey*, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
But well may put ſome Statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your Friends, and if your Friends are ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jeſt,
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Senſe and Virtue, balance all again.
Judicious Wits ſpread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Diſtinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come harmleſs *Characters* that no one hit,
Come *Henley's* Oratory, *Osborn's* Wit!

The

The Honey dropping from *Fy—l*'s tongue,
The Flow'rs of *Bal—ux*, the Flow of *Y—ng!*
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Senſe,
That firſt was *H—vy*'s, *F—*'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then *H—vy*'s once agen.
O come, that eaſy *Ciceronian* ſtile,
So *Latin*, yet ſo *Engliſh* all the while,
As, tho' the Pride of *Middleton* and *Bland*,
All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!
Then might I ſing without the leaſt offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the *Nation's Senſe*;
Or teach the melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad Verſe on CAROLINA's Urn,
And hail her paſſage to the Realms of Reſt,
All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children bleſt!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I!
And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave
Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

F. Why ſo? if Satire know its Time and Place,
You ſtill may laſh the Greateſt—in Diſgrace:
For Merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all Changes ſpare
Immortal *S—k*, and grave *D—ve!*
Silent and ſoft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Tyes diſſolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
Theſe, may ſome gentle miniſterial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!

There,

There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,
Lull'd with the sweet *Nepenthe* of a Court;
There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their Place:
But past the sense of human Miseries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. God! Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their glory,
Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vext,
Consid'ring what a gracious Prince was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings?
And at a Peer, or Peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the Dignity of *Vice* be lost?
Ye Gods! shall *Cibber*'s Son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord? or *Rich* out-whore a Duke?
A Fav'rite's *Porter* with his Master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall *Ward* draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill?
Or *Japhet* pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
Is it for *Bond* or *Peter*, (paltry Things!)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
If * *Blount* dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou, Illustrious † *Passeran*!

* Author of a Book intitled, The Oracles of Reason.

† Author of another, called a Philosophical Discourse on *Death*.

But

But ſhall a *Printer*, weary of his life,
Learn, from their Books, to hang himſelf and Wife?
This, this my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a *Nation's* care:
This calls the *Church* to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*.
Let modeſt FOSTER, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Out do *L—d—ſe*, in Doctrine—yea, in Life:
Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame.
Virtue may chuſe the high or low Degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's ſtill the ſame, belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her Birth,
And ſtoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
Let *Greatneſs* own her, and ſhe's mean no more:
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confeſs,
Chaſte Matrons praiſe her, and grave Biſhops bleſs;
In golden Chains the willing World ſhe draws,
And hers the Goſpels, and hers the Laws,
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her ſtead.
Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
Old *England's* Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the duſt! his Arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!

Our

Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance: behind her crawl the Old!
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
That "Not to be corrupted is the Shame."
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Avarice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aſpiring to be Knaves!
The *Wit* of Cheats, the *Courage* of a Whore,
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore.
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'ſcape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wiſdom, daily they decry—
"*Nothing is Sacred now but Villany.*"
Yet may this Verſe (if ſuch a Verſe remain)
Show, there was one who held it in diſdain.

ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT.

DIALOGUE II.

Fa. 'TIS all a Libel—*P-xt-n* (Sir) will ſay.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to morrow 'ſaith it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to day.
How ſhou'd I fret, to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty nine!*
Vice with ſuch Giant ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing Genius ſins up to my Song.
F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty laſh;
Ev'n *Guthry* ſaves half *Newgate* by a Dash.

* The Ordinary of *Newgate*, who publiſhes the Memoirs of the Malefactors.

Spare

Spare then the Perſon, and expoſe the Vice.
P. How Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſowze on all the kind.
Ye Stateſmen, Prieſts, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradeſmen vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
Ye Rev'rend Atheiſts! *F.* Scandal! name them, Who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a Mother, who forſwore a Debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame—*F.* You mean—*P.* I don't. *F.* You do.
P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Stateſman—*F.* Hold! too high you go.
P. The brib'd Electſor—*F.* There you ſtop too low.
P. I fain wou'd pleaſe you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
Muſt great Offenders, once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to ſpare the Knight requires;
As Beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppoſe I cenſure—you know what I mean—
To ſave a Biſhop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade.
P. If not the Tradeſman who ſet up to day,
Much leſs the 'Prentice who to morrow may,
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Land be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched * *Wild*,

* Jonathan Wild.

Or

Or if a Court or Country's made a job,
Go dench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.
But Sir, I beg you, for the Love of Vice!
The matter's weighty, pray conſider twice;
Have you leſs pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendleſs Villain, than the Great?
Alas! the ſmall diſcredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better, ſure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Miniſters; or if the thing
May pinch ev'n there — why lay it on a King.
F. Stop! ſtop!
P. Muſt Satire, then, nor *riſe* nor *fall*?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.
F. Yes, ſtrike that *Wild*, I'll juſtify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obſolete Example fears?
Ev'n *Peter* trembles only for his Ears.
F. What always *Peter*? *Peter* thinks you mad,
You make men deſp'rate if they once are bad:
Elſe might he take to Virtue ſome years hence —
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the Prince.
F. Strange ſpleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praiſe a Courtier where I can.
When I confeſs, there *is* who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodneſs, need I Scard'row name?

Pleas'd

Pleas'd let me own, in * *Esher*'s peaceful Grove
(Where *Kent* and Nature vye for PELHAM's Love)
The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my CRAGGS anew!

Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert:
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,
Manners with Candour are to *Boyse* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.

But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
That Instant I declare, he has my Love:
I shun his Zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus SOMMERS once, and HALIFAX, were mine.
Oft in the clear, still Mirrour of Retreat,
I study'd SHREWSBURY, the wise and great:
CARLETON's calm Sense, and STANHOPE's noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same:
How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour!
How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I POPE or SWIFT, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While *Roman* Spirit charms, and *Attic* Wit:
ARGYLE, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne,
The Master of our Passions, and his own.
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud List should end,
Still let me say! No Follower, but a Friend.

* The House and Gardens of *Esher* in *Surrey*, design'd by Mr. *Kent*.

Yet

Yet think not, Friendſhip only prompts my lays:
I follow *Virtue*, where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe,
Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver caſt a Glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Ross, or my † Lord Mayor.
Some, in their choice of Friends (nay look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret Byaſs to a Knave:
To find an honeſt man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.

F. Then why ſo few commended?

P. Not ſo fierce:
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verſe.
But random Praiſe — the taſk can ne'er be done;
Each Mother aſks it for her booby Son,
Each Widow aſks it for the Beſt of Men,
For him ſhe weeps, and him ſhe weds agen;
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the Greateſt of theſe days,
To 'ſcape my Cenſure, not expect my Praiſe.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
What Richelieu wanted, Louis ſcarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No Pow'r the Muſe's Friendſhip can command;
No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withſtand:

---

* Sir John Barnard.

a Girando Aleſſandro à la famoſa Tomba
Del ſuo Achille ſoſpirando diſſe:
O' fortunato, che ſi chiara Tromba
Trovaſti, ꝙ chi di Te ſi alto ſcriſſe. — Petrarcha Son: 15

To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honeſt line;
O let my Country's Friends illumin mine!
—What are you thinking? *F.* Faith, the thought's no ſin,
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call thoſe Knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lye.
Cobham's a Coward, Polwarth is a Slave,
And Lyttelton a dark, deſigning Knave,
St. John has ever been a wealthy Fool——
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a Tyrant to his Wife.
But pray, when others praiſe him, do I blame?
Call *Verres*, *Wolſey*, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine
Oh All-accompliſh'd St. John! deck thy Shrine?
What? ſhall each ſpungil'd Hackney of the day,
When *Pax*—*n* gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-penſion'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend?
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His Saws are toothleſs, and his Hatchets Lead.

It

It anger'd Tweenum, once upon a day,
To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do——
F. Hold Sir! for God's-sake, where's th' Affront to you?
Against your worship what has *S—k* writ?
When did *Ty——l* hurt you with his Wit?
Or grant, the Bard whose distich all commend,
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a friend.*]
To *W—le* guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?
The Priest whose Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown.
And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?
P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrowed, could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same:
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply,
As Hog to Hog in huts of *Westphaly*:
If one, thro' Nature's bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;

From

From tail to mouth, they feed, and they carouse:
The laſt, full fairly gives it to the Houſe.
F. This filthy Simile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach—*P.* So does Flatt'ry mine:
And all your Courtly Civet-Cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further—*Japhet*, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and *Chartres* ſcarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of *Pindus* guiltleſs quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write.
And muſt no Egg in *Japhet*'s face be thrown,
Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
Muſt never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unleſs, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Paſtor blame a failing Spouſe,
Without a ſtaring Reaſon on his brows?
And each Blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
Becauſe the inſult's not on Man, but God?
Ask you what Provocation I have had?
The ſtrong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th'Affront is mine, my friend, and ſhould be yours.
Mine, as a Foe profeſs'd to falſe Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Senſe;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You're ſtrangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no Slave:
So impudent, I own myſelf no Knave:
So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.

Yes, I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by *Ridicule* alone.

O ſacred Weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Inſolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muſe may give thee, but the Gods muſt guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal;
To rowze the Watchmen of the Publick Weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate ſlumb'ring in his Stall.

Ye tinſel Inſects! whom a Court maintains
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The Muſe's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings;
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Preſs,
Like the laſt Gazette, or the laſt Addreſs.

When black Ambition ſtains a Publick Cauſe,
A Monarch's ſword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not *Waller*'s Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Nor *Boileau* turn the † Feather to a Star.

---

† See his Ode on *Namur*; where (to uſe his own words) *il a fait un Aſtre de la Plume blanche qui le Roy porte ordinairement a ſon Chapeau, & qui eſt en effet une eſpece de Comete, fatale a nos ennemis.*

Not

Not ſo, when diadem'd with Rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's* Shrine,
Her Prieſteſs Muſe forbids the Good to dye,
And ope's the Temple of Eternity.
There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than ſuch as *Anſtis* caſts into the Grave;
Far other *Stars* than * and ** wear,
And may deſcend to *Mor—ton* from STAIR:
(Such, as on *HOUGH's unſully'd Mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good DIGBY! from a Heart like thine)
Let Envy howl while Heav'n's whole Chorus ſings,
And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings;
Let Flatt'ry ſickening ſee the Incenſe riſe
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verſe as mean as mine.
Yes, the laſt Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of Law:
Here, Laſt of *Britons!* let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the Dead,
And for that Cauſe which made your Fathers ſhine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line!

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Eſſays on Man.*

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*Dr. *Hough* Biſhop of *Worceſter.*

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTLES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why[2] will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
Publick too long, alike is ill befits my Age!
See Modest[3] Cibber now has left the Stage:

PRIMA dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camenâ!
[2] Spectatum satis, & donatum jam rude, quæris
(Mæcenas) iterum antiquo me includere ludo?
Non eadem est ætas, non mens. [3] Veianius armis
[4] Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro,

Our Gen'rals now, [4] retir'd to their Eſtates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool Evening ſatiate of Applauſe,
Nor [5] fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cauſe.
[6] A Voice there is, that whiſpers in my ear,
('Tis Reaſon's voice, which ſometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your [7] Muſe take breath,
"And never gallop Pegaſus to death;
"Leſt ſtiff, and ſtately, void of fire or force,
"You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horſe."
Farewell then [8] Verſe, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy,
What [9] right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All:
To lay this [10] harveſt up, and hoard with haſte
What ev'ry day will want, and moſt, the laſt.
But aſk not, to what [11] Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Maſter, of no Sect am I:
As drives the [12] ſtorm, at any door I knock,
And houſe with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.

---

[4] *Ne pueros coram populo Lucretii Catique,*
Excudat, claroque nefas habeatur in anno.
Sit mihi, ſpectatum cordo qui ſurgat eorum:
"Vultus [5] ſimulantem multæ ſcenæ ſequum, ne
"Pocet ad lacrymas, & ita dicat."
Nunc tempus, & [6] rerſus, & cætera ludicra pono,
Quid [7] verum atque decens, curo & rogo, & omnis in hoc ſum:
[10] *Cauto & ſubducto corvus non deprimit ungue.*
Ac ne ſorte roges, quo me duce, quo Lare tutus?
Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magiſtri,
[12] *Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor Hoſpes.*

Some

Sometimes a [25] Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttleton, her Cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, [26] and as warm as true:
Sometimes, with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my [27] native Moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tyde.
[28] Long, as to him who works for debt, the Day,
Long as the Night to her whose Love's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So flow th' [29] unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That [30] task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise.

Nunc agilis *fio, & mersor* [21] civilibus undis,
Virtutis verae custos, [24] rigidusque satelles.
Nunc in * *Aristippi* [25] furtim *praecepta* relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, submittere conor.
[28] *Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque*
Longa videtur opus debentibus, ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda [27] *fluunt ingratique horologia, cur hoc*
Consilium morantur *agendi gnaviter* [30] *id, quod*

* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res.

Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,
And which not done, the richest must be poor.
[20] Late as it is, I put my self to school,
And feel some [21] comfort, not to be a fool.
[22] Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to [23] go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does thy [24] blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can controll
([25] Between the Fits) this Fever of the soul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which (fresh and fresh ap-
Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. [ply'd)

Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque,
Æque neglectum pueris, senibusque nocebit.

[20] *Rabirius, ait hic ego me ipse regam, [21] solerque, Elementis.*

[22] *Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,*
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere chirogrâ.
Si quidlibet prodest [23] tibi, scis non datur ultra.
[24] *Fervet Avaritiâ, miserove Cupidine pectus?*
Sunt verba & voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, & [25] magnum morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? sunt [26] certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto possint recreare libello.

Be

Be [26] furious, envious, slothful, mad or drunk,
[27] Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch [28] Bear;
All that we ask is but a patient Ear.
[29] 'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world, no [30] bugbear is so great,
As want of figure and a small Estate.
To either India see the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And [32] ease thy heart of all that it admires?

---

[26] *Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus,* [27] *Amator,*
Nemo [28] *adeo ferus est ut non mitescere possit,*
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
[29] *Virtus est vitium fugere, & Sapientia prima*
Stultitia caruisse——
——*Vides, quæ* [30] *maxima credis*
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devitas animi, capitisque labore?
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per [31] *mare* Pauperiem *fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:*
Ne cures [32] *ea quæ stulte miraris & optas*
Discere, & audire, & meliori credere non vis?

Here Wisdom calls: [23] "Seek Virtue first! be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There London's voice: [24] "Get Money, Money still!
"And then let Virtue follow if she will." 80
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From [25] low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whose [26] quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches Sticks at Westminster.
Barrack'd in [27] sparks, finesse, and wealth abounds. 85
"Pray then what wants he?" fourscore thousand pounds,
A Pension, or such Harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dodsmant would have.
Barnard, thou art a [28] Cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D[29]l, Their Honours, and so forth. 90
Yet ev'ry [30] child another song will sing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;

---

[23] *Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum—*
[24] *O cives, cives! quærenda Pecunia primum est,*
Virtus post nummos—Hæc [25] Janus summus ab imo
Prodoit: hæc ratione viæ secernere recto
[26] *Lævum sinistrorsum unco deflexit aduncum.*
Est [27] *animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque——*
Si quadringentis sex, septem millia desint,
[28] *Plebs eris——*

[29] *At pueri ludentes, 'Rex eris (aiunt)*

Be this thy [40] Screen, and this thy Wall of Brafs;
Compar'd to this, a Minister's an Afs.
[41] And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was spoke at [42] CREssy and POITIERS?
[43] Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
"With Praise or Infamy, leave that to fate;
"Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with grace;
"If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.
For what? to have a [44] Box where Eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the Circle eye a King.
Or [45] he, who bids thee face with steddy view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro':
And, [46] while he bids thee, sets th' Example too?
If [47] such a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Shou'd chance to make the well-dress'd Rabble stare;

---

[40] *Si rectè facies.*" Hic [40] murus aheneus *esto*,
Nil conscire *sibi, nullâ* pallescere *culpâ!*
[41] *Rescia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum*
Nænia? quæ regum recte *facientibus offert,*
Et maribus [42] Curiis, *& decantata* Camillis?
[43] *Isne tibi melius suadet, qui* "Rem facias, rem,
"*Si possis,* recte; *si non, quocunque modo rem.*"
Ut [44] propius spectes lacrymosa Poemata Pupi!
An, [45] *qui Fortunæ te responsare superbæ*
Liberum & erectum, [46] præsens hortatur, *& astat?*
[47] *Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur*

If

If honeſt S[o]z take ſcandal at a ſpark,
That leſs admires the [48] Palace than the Park;
Faith I ſhall give the anſwer [49] Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave;
"Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracks about,
"Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you ſend her to her grave.
Well, if a King's a Lion, at the leaſt
The [50] People are a many-headed Beaſt:
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Luſt of Gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:
Their [51] Country's wealth our mightier Miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The reſt, ſome farm the Poor-box, ſome the Pews,
Some keep Aſſemblies, and wou'd keep the Stews,
Some [52] with fat Bucks on childleſs Dotards fawn,
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;

Non, ut [48] partibus, ſic judiciis fruar iiſdem,
Nec ſequar aut fugiam quæ diligit ipſe, vel odit?
Olim quod [49] Vulpes ægroto cauta Leoni
Reſpondit, referam: "Quia me veſtigia terrent
"Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.
[50] Bellua multorum *eſt* capitum, *nam quid ſequar, aut quem?*
Pars hominum geſtit [51] *conducere* Publica: *Sunt qui*
[52] *Cruſtis & Pomis, Viduas venentur avaras,*
Excipiantque Senes quos in vivaria mittant.

While

While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkness, [52] hundreds sink contented.
Of all these ways, if each [54] pursues his own,
Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But show me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job [55] sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
[56] Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or that [57] Dev'l within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen;
"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
"For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."
At sun-rise Flavio is the [58] flocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.

---

[52] Multis *occulto crescit res fœnore*—

[54] *Verum*

Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:
Idem cuique potest horam dicere ferenti?
[55] "*Nullus in orbe locus Baiis præfertur amœnis:*"
Si dixit Dives, [56] *lacus & mare fremit æquum*
Festinantis heri. Cui si [57] *vitiosa Libido*
Fecerit auspicium, cras, [58] *ferramenta Tyranno*
"*Tollite, fabri!*——

——[58] *Lectus genialis in aula est?*
Nil ait esse prius, melius nil cœlibe vita:

[59] The

[50] The Pond whose Wife clepes fome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial fakes dies a martyr.
Did ever [60] Preston, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themfelves fo strangely as the Rich?
"Well, but the [61] Poor—The Poor have the fame itch;
They change their [62] weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner to their fhoes,
Exchange their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaife and one;
They [63] hire their finifher, and when once aboard,
Grow fick, and damn the climate—like a Lord.
[64] You laugh,—half Beau half Sloven if I ftand,
My wig all powder, and all fnuff my hand;
You laugh, if Coat and breeches ftrangely vary,
White gloves, and linnen worthy Lady Mary!
But when [65] no Prelate's Lawn with hair-fhirt lin'd,
Is half fo incoherent as my Mind,
When (each opinion with the next at ftrife,
One [67] ebb and flow of follies all my life)

---

[50] *Si non eft, jurat bene folis effe maritis.*

[60] *Quo fermone ufus mutatus Proteus ab ?*
Quid [61] *pauper ? rides: mutat* [62] *cenacula, lectos,*
Balnea, [63] *tonfores: conducto* [64] *navigio, aquæ*
Lenfitis ut hauftus, quem ducit priva triremis.
[65] *Si curentur inæquali tonfore capilli*
Occurro, rides: fi forte fubducta pecus
Trita folea mutat, vel fi toga dilabitur impar,
Rides: quid? [66] *mea cum pugnat fententia fecum,*
Quod petiit, fpernit: repetit quod nuper omifit;
[67] *Æftuat, & vitæ difconvenit ordine toto,*

[68] plant, root up, I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
[69] You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this Madness but a common case,
Nor [70] once to Chance'ry, nor to [71] Hale apply;
Yet keep your lip, to see a Sylvan nary!
Careless how ill I with my self agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my [72] Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
This, he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or name,)
That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own;
Great without Title, without Fortune blest,
Rich [73] ev'n when plunder'd, [74] honour'd while oppress'd;
Lov'd [75] without youth, and follow'd without power;
At home tho' nail'd, [76] fine, tho' in the Tower:
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing,
Just [77] less than Jove, and [78] much above a King,
Nay, half in heav'n—[79] except (what's mighty odd)
A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God.

---

[68] *Dirue, ædifica, mutato quadrate rotundis?*
[69] *Insanire paret certa ratione modoque,*
Nec [70] *Modium metuis, nec Crumenæ sparo*
A Pruritu dari? rerum [71] *Tabula sanarum*
Cum sis, & possis ludum spectare Lycei,
De te pendentis, te respicientis Amici.
Ad summum, Rupilli non [72] *similis, opto* [73] *Divesque*
[74] *Liber!* [75] *honoratus!* [76] *pulcher!*——
——[77] *Rex denique regum!*
Præcipue sanus——[78] *Nisi cum pituita molesta est.*

THE

THE SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

"NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
"To make men happy, and to keep them so."
[Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of speech,
So take it in the very words of † Creech.]
"This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,

NIL Admirari, prope res est una, Numici!
Solaque, quæ possit facere & servare beatum.
Hunc Solem, & Stellas, & decedentia certis

There

† From whose Translation of *Horace* the two first lines are taken.

There are, my Friend! whofe philofophic eyes
Look thro', and truft the Ruler with his fkies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view [2] this dreadful All without a fear.
Admire we then what [4] Earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian fhores, or Indian feas infold;
All the mad trade of [5] Fools and Slaves for Gold?
Or [6] Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applaufe, or the gifts of Kings?
Say with what [7] eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?
If weak the [8] pleafure that from thefe can fpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we defire,
In either cafe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we [9] joy or grieve, the fame the curfe,
Surpriz'd at better, or furpriz'd at worfe.

Tempora mutantis, fint qui [2] formidine nulla
Imbuti, fpectent:—
—[4] Quid cenfes munera Terræ?
Quid Maris, extremos Arabas [5] ditantis, & Indos?
Ludicra, quid, [6] plaufus, & amici dona Quiritis,
Quo fpectanda modo, [7] quæ fenfu credita, & ore?
[8] Quæ timet hic adimi, fcire interdum utilius:
Quæ cupiens petiit; pauper ad vitanda malefuadus:
Improvifa fimul fpecies exterret utrumque.
[9] Gaudet, an ægrefcit, cupiat, metuatve, quid refert?
Si, quicquid vidit melius, pejufve fedet fe;

This

Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away:
For "Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
"Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of learning dunces, and reflected plate;
Possess a Fool to dazzle the surprise,
And gape on "Persian Chairs with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright "Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth-day Nobles splendid Livery.
If not so pleas'd, at "Council-board rejoice,
To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
From "motion to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For "Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall "One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conspir'd
To form, not to admire but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
Weds the rich Dulness of some Sot of earth?

Deficis ancilla, animique & corpore torpet?
"*Infoni finitimo nemora feræ, aquora nigræ,*
Ulmos quam foliis oft, virentem fi ponat ipsum.
"*I nunc, cognatum & mavrum* "*vetus, avaque & Sophiæ; cum gemmis* "*Syrias mirare colores:*
Gaude, quod pulcræ nulli in villa lapillum:
Gaudes "*mane forum, & vespertina pete tecta:*
"*Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris*
Mavius. Indignum, quod fit pejoribus ortus!
"*Hic tibi fi potius, quam tu, mirabilis illi?*

You

Yet [28] Time crumbles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
And what is Fame? the Meanest have their day,
The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art, [29] with all the Pow'rs of Words,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous Simile! unrival'd yet in sight,
(More silent far) where Kings and Pomp delight:
Where Murray (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than Talbot, or than Hyde!
[30] Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by batter'd Beaux invited over,
And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the Mind's disease;
There, all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they please.
Would ye be [31] blest? despise low Joys, low Gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

---

[28] *Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet Ætas,*
Defodiet, condetque nitentia. [29] *Quæ vester avitum*
Porticus Agrippæ, & vicis te consecravit aquis;
Ire tamen restat Numa [30] *quo devenit & Ancus.*
[31] *Si latus, aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,*
Quære fugam morbi.——
——[32] *Vis recte vivere? quis non?*
Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis
Hoc age deliciis.——

[illegible] But set them one, whom new opinions fway,
One, who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike difowns,
Thinks that but mouth, and this but brick and ftones:
Fly Pride, on all the wings of wild defire,
Admire whatever the ambitious can admire:
In Wealth thy pafture! Heaven! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian fpices, for Peruvian Gold,
Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold:
Advance thy golden Mountain to the fkies;
On the broad bafe of fifty thoufand rife,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a fquare.
For, mark th' advantage: juft fo many fcore
Will gain a [19] Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chafte,
And then fuch [20] Friends—as cannot fail to laft.
A [21] Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
Gold fhall give him Form, and Arms his Birth.

---

[19] *Pretiaque uxorum facies, et*
Lucus agrum? [20] vere ut proprio emptus olivo,
Et Calaber, et Sidyon equabile pondus
Fallit [21] Unctorum turba, falivaque & [22] Amicos,
Et genus & formam regina [23] Pecunia donat:
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.

(Believe

Believe me, honey'd [illegible] Common Prints is made,
Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Pelf;
His Wealth lumps [illegible] Tinsel glittering underneath:
Affect for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if these Ladies like a bubble Play,
Takes the whole Hands upon the Pool's day.
But, in fair calculation not to rank
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble Superfluity is comely,
Not for your Self, but for your Pride and Enemy:
Something, which for your Honour may chance,
And which is much Honour you as things:
If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting, never rich,
But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lies,
If in the Pomp of Life consist the joys

Mercipiis benefes, quæ avis [illegible] *Cappadocum rex*
Te jussit fit mi——

——[illegible] *Libenter Lucullus (ut aiunt)*
Si posset centum Scenæ præbere rogatus,
Qui possim tot? ait: tamen & quærenda, & quæ habeda
Ritenam. Possit frivola, plus minus quingenta
Ille dari cleonymus: parentes, unde habeat illum.
Exilis domus ol, ubi non & mobilia decies
Et dominum fallunt, & prudentem plorabile. [illegible] *Ego,*
Si res sola posset facere & fortunare beatum,
Hæc primus repetam opus, hæc postremus omittam.
Si Fortunatum sapias & gaudia prudens,

Then [36] Mist is thine, or (if you will, a Lord)
To do the Honours, and to give the Word;
Till he your Lady in the Coach approach,
Who [37] when you airily vouchsafe to take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who [38] rules in Cirencell, or who rules in Berks;
This may be mumblefome, is near the Chair:
That makes those Members, this can chuse a May'r.
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him [39] Son, or Cousin at the least,
Then step aboard, and [40] laugh at your own Jest.

Or if your life be one continu'd Treat,
If [41] to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So [42] Ruffel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.

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[36] Mercurium fer nunc, qui dictet nomina, Lævum
Qui fodiat latus, & quæ trans pondera dextram
Porrigere, [37] hic multum in Fabia valet, ille Velina:
Cuilibet his fejunctis dabit, cripietque curulo
Cui velit importunus ebur. [38] Frontæ, patri, addit:
Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque [39] facetus adopta.
Si [40] bene qui cœnat, bene vivit; [41] lucet, eamus
Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur: ut [42] olim
Gargilius, qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,
Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret
Emptum mane aprum——

Or

Or shall we [42] ev'ry Decency confound,
Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,
Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do
[42] K——l's lewd Cargo, or Ty——y's Crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circean Feasts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts,
Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
Renounce our [42] Country, and degrade our Name?
If, after all, we must with [42] Wilmot own,
The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
And Swift cry wisely, [42] Vive la Bagatelle!
The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
[42] Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

——[42] *Crudi, tumidique lavemur,*
Quid deceat, quid non, obliti: Cerite cera
Digni, [42] remigium vitiosum *Ithacensis Ulyssei,*
Cui potior [42] patria *fuit interdicta voluptas.*
[42] *Si (Minervam uti cruxit) fine amore, jocisque;*
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore, jocisque.
[42] *Vive, vale! si quid novisti rectius istis,*
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

THE

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reflections of Horace *and the Judgments past in his Epistle to* Augustus, *seem'd so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to His Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good Qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encrease of an* Absolute Empire. *But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the Happiness of a* Free People, *and are more consistent with the Welfare of our Neighbours.*

This Epistle will shew the Learned World to have fallen into Two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a Patron of Poets *in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate:* Admonebat Prætores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolescere, &c. *The other, that this Piece was only a general Discourse of Poetry; whereas it was an* Apology for the Poets, *in order to render* Augustus *more their Patron.* Horace *here pleads the Cause of his Contemporaries, first against the Taste of the Town, whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the*

preceding Age; secondly against the Court *and* Nobility, *who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and lastly against the* Emperor *himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shews (by a View of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of* Greece *had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their Morals were much improved, and the Licence of those ancient Poets restrained: that* Satire *and* Comedy *were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the Ill Taste of the* Nobility; *that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the State; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend, for his Fame with Posterity.*

We may farther learn from this Epistle, that Horace *made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character.*

EPISTLES
OF
HORACE.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

WHile You, great Patron of Mankind! [a] ſuſtain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
[a] How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a Monarch, ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the Publick Weal?

CUM tot [a] ſuſtineas & tanta negotia, ſolus;
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in [b] publica commoda ſpectem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.

[b] Edward

[3] Edward and Henry, now the Boaſt of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more [4] ſacred Name,
After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdu'd, or Property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty Cities ſtorm'd,
Or Laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
[5] Clos'd their long Glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of baſe mankind!
All human Virtue, to its latеſt breath,
[6] Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour paſt,
Had ſtill this Monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
[7] Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each ſtar of meaner merit fades away!
Oppreſs'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Thoſe Suns of Glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
To thee, the World its preſent homage pays,
The Harveſt early, [8] but mature the praiſe:

---

[3] *Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux,*
Poſt ingentia facta, [4] *Deorum in templa recepti,*
Dum tirvet hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros aſſignant, oppida condunt;
[5] *Plerumque ſuis non reſplendere ſuorum*
Speratum meritis. Diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit [6] *invidiam ſupremo fine domari.*
[7] *Urit enim fulgore ſuo qui prægravat artes*
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.
[8] *Præſenti Tibi maturos largimur honores:*

Great

Great Friend of Liberty! in Kings a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame:
Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and obey'd,
9 As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
10 None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your People, Sir, are partial in the test:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
11 Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly † Skelton Heads of houses quote:

---

9 *Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,*
10 Nil oriturum *alias*, nil ortum tale *fatetur*.
Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens & justus in uno,
* Te nostris Ducibus, Te Græcis *anteferendo*,
Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
Æstimat; & nisi quæ terris semota, suisque
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit & odit.
11 *Sic fautor Veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes*
Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum
Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annosa volumina vatum,

† Skelton, Poet Laureat to Hen. 8. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language.

One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for * Chriſt's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben ſo civil,
[22] He ſwears the Muſes met him at the † Devil.

Tho' juſtly [23] Greece her eldeſt ſons admires,
Why ſhould not We be wiſer than our ſires?
In ev'ry Publick virtue we excell,
We build, we paint, [24] we ſing, we dance as well,
And [25] learned Athens to our art muſt ſtoop,
Could ſhe behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

If [26] Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or ſhall we not, account him ſo,
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all diſpute; and fix the year preciſe
When Britiſh bards begin t' immortalize?

---

[22] *Dicitur Albanæ* Muſas *in monte locutas.*

Si, quia [23] *Græcorum ſunt antiquiſſima quæque*
Scripta, vel optima; Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptores trutina, non eſt quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri.
Venimus ad ſummum fortunæ; [24] *pingimus, atque*
Pſallimus, & [25] *luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.*

Si [26] *meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;*
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus?
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Vilis atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

* Chriſt's Kirk o' the Green, a Ballad made by a King of Scotland.

† The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnſon held his Poetical Club.

" Who

" Who lasts a [17] century can have no flaw,
" I hold that Wit a Classick, good in law.
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him [18] Ancient, right and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety nine, a Modern and a Dunce?
" We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
" By [19] courtesy of England, he may do.
Then, by the rule that made the [20] Horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt [21] down Ancients like a heap of snow:
While you, to measure merits, look in [22] Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a Garland only on a [23] Bier.
[24] Shakespear*, (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)

For

" *Est vetus atque probus,* [17] *centum qui perficit annos.*
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno;
Inter quos referendus erit? [18] *veteresne poetas,*
An quos & præsens & postera respuat ætas?
" *Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur* [19] *honestè,*
" *Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.*
Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut [20] *equinæ*
Paulatim vello, & demo unum, demo etiam unum;
Dum cadat elusus, ratione [21] *ruentis acervi,*
Qui redit ad [22] *fastos, & virtutem æstimat annis,*
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod [23] *Libitina sacravit.*
[24] *Ennius* (& sapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,

* Shakespear and Ben. Johnson may truly be said not much to have thought of this Immortality, the one in many

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew Immortal in his own despight.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
[25] The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
Who now reads [26] Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His Moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay [*] Pindaric Art,
But still [27] I love the language of his heart.
" Yet surely, [28] surely, these were famous men!
" What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
" In all [29] debates where Criticks bear a part,
" Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art,

Ut Critici dicunt) *leviter curare videtur,*
Quæ [25] *præcisa cadant, & somnia Pythagorea.*
[26] *Nervius in manibus non est; at* [27] *mentibus hæret*
Paene recens:
" [28] *Adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema!*
" *Ambigitur* [29] *quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert*
" *Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:*
" *Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro;*
" *Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;*
" *Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.*

many pieces composed in haste for the Stage; the other in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* call'd his *Dotages*.

[*] ——— *Pindaric* art, which has much more merit than his *Epic*, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar.

" Of

" Of Shakespear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
" How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
" How * Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow;
" But, for the Patient, Southern fave and Rowe.
" These, [30] only these, support the crowded stage,
" From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.
[31] All this may be; the People's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To [32] Gammer † Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the Publick is a fool.

" *Hos ædificit, & hos arcto stipate theatro*
" *Spectat Roma potens; [30] habet hos numeratque poetas*
" *Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab ævo.*
[31] *Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.*
[32] *Si veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,*
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet: errat:

* *Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow.*] Nothing was less true than this particular: But the whole Paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own Judgment, only the common Cheat of the pretenders to Criticism; in some things right, in others wrong: as he tells us in his answer,

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat.

† *Gammer Gurton*, a piece of very low humour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by some Antiquaries.

But

But let them own, that greater Faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
* Spenser himself affects the [33] Obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on [34] Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now serpent-like, in [35] prose he sweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.
[36] Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like [37] slashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected Fool
At court, who hates whate'er he [38] read at school.
But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er)
One Simile, that [39] solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,

Si quædam nimis [33] antiquè, *si pleraque* [34] durè
Dixisse credit eos, [35] ignavè *multa*; *fatetur*;
Et fatur, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.
[36] *Non equidem insector*, delendaque carmina *Livî*
Esse reor, memini quæ [37] plagosum, [38] mihi parvo,
Orbilium *dictare*——*Sed emendata videri*
Pulchraque, & exactis minimum distantia, miror:
Inter quæ [39] verbum emicuit *si forte* decorum, &

* *Spenser himself affects the obsolete.*] Particularly in the Shepherd's Calendar, where he imitates the unequal measures, as well as the language, of Chaucer.

Or

Or [40] lengthen'd Thought that gleams thro' many a page,
Has ſanctify'd whole poems for an age.
[41] I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd, not as bad, but new;
While if our Elders break all reaſon's laws,
Theſe fools demand not pardon, but Applauſe.
[42] On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but aſk, if any weed can grow?
One Tragic ſentence if I dare deride
Which [43] Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphaſis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, * a muſter-roll of Names)
How will our Fathers riſe up in a rage,
And ſwear, all ſhame is loſt in George's Age!
You'd think [44] no Fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
Did not ſome grave Examples yet remain,

Si [40] verſus *paulo* concinnior *unus & alter*;
Injuſte totum *ducit venditque poema.*
[41] *Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe*
Compoſitum illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed bonorum & præmia poſci.
[42] *Recti neſcit* crocum floreſque *perambulat* Attæ
Fabula, *ſi dubitem*; *clamant periiſſe pudorem*
Cuncti pene patres, ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quæ [43] gravis Æſopus, *quæ doctus* Roſcius *egit.*
Vel quia nil [44] *rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt;*

* *A muſter-roll of Names.*] An abſurd cuſtom of ſeveral Actors, to pronounce with emphaſis the moſt *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player.

Who

Who learn a Lad should teach his father still,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old Bards, [41] or Merlin's Prophecy,
Mistakes him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.
[42] Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?
[43] In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd;
In every taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
"All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."

Then

Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.
Jam [41] *Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud,*
Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;
Ingenio stat ille fovet, plausuque fefellit,
Regibus hic multum, ut, nostrique libidine vidit.
[42] *Quod si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset,*
Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret, tereretque viritim publicus usus?
[43] *Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis*
Cœpit, & in vitium fortunæ labier æqua;

• A Verse of the Lord Lansdown.

* Then Peers grew proud in [48] Horsemanship t'excell,
New-market's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
Then [49] Marble soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on [50] animated Canvas stole
The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was Love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court;
† On [51] each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.
But [52] Britain, changeful as a Child at play,
Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State;

Nunc Athletarum studiis, nunc arsit [48] *equorum;*
[49] *Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut aeris amavit;*
Suspendit [50] *picta vultum mentemque tabella;*
Nunc [51] *tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragoedis:*
[52] *Sub nutricis positus custode si haluerit infans,*
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?

* *In Horsemanship t'excell. And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship: the Romance of *Parthenissa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by *Persons of Quality*.

† *On each enervate string, &c.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England.

Now

Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause.
[54]'Time was, a sober Englishman wou'd knock
His servants up, and rise by five o' clock,
Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
And send his Wife to church, his Son to school.
To [54] worship like his Fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good [55] Security, his Gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one [56] Poetic Itch
Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
Sons, Sires, and Grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, [57] lye,
Not ——'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;

Hæc Pacis bahuere bona, ventique secundi
[54] *Roma dulce diu fuit & solenne, reclusa*
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,
Cautus [55] *numinibus certis extendere nummos,*
[56] *Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ*
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, [56] *& calet uno*
Scribendi studio: pueri, patresque severi
Fronde comas vincti cenant, & carmina dictant.
Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior [57] *Parthis mendacior, & prius orto*
Sole, vigil calamum, & chartas, & scrinia posco.

When

When, sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best Friends to ryme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to shew our Wit.
[58] He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;
* Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'n [59] Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pyle?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
But [60] those who cannot write, and those who can,
All ryme, and rave, and scribble, to a man.
Yet Sir, [61] reflect, the mischief is not great;
These Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely [62] Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his [63] Plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:

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[58] *Nevem agere* ignarus *navis timet: abrotonum aegro*
Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare: quod medicorum est,
Promittunt [59] *Medici; tractant fabrilia fabri:*
[60] *Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.*
[61] *Hic ergo vester & brevis hæc insania, quantas*
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: Vatis [62] *avarus*
Non temere est animus: versus amat, hoc studet unum;

* Ward.] A famous Empirick, whose Pill and Drop had several surprising effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time.

[64] Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind; 195
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To [65] cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet;
And then——a perfect Hermit in his diet. 200

Of little use the Man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
* And ([67] tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.
[68] What will a Child learn sooner than a song? 205
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?

Detrimenta, [64] fugas *servorum*, incendia *ridet*;
Nec [65] fraudem Socio, *pupilove incognitat ullam*
Pupillo: *Vivit filiquis, & pane secundo.* [66]
[67] Militiæ *quamquam piger & malus*, utilis urbi.
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari,
[68] *Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:*

* *And tho' no Soldier.*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity; (*non bene relicta parmula,*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of a Poet's character; but with an intermixture of Irony: *Vivit filiquis & pane secundo* has a relation to his Epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows, *Torquet ab obscenis——Max etiam pectus——Rectè facta refert, &c.* which the Imitator has apply'd where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he assigns what deserves to be assigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses.

What's

What's long or ſhort, each accent where to place,
And ſpeak in publick with ſome ſort of grace.
I ſcarce can think him ſuch a worthleſs thing,
Unleſs he praiſe ſome Monſter of a King,
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to ſport,
To pleaſe a lewd, or un-believing Court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted bays;
And in our own (excuſe ſome Courtly ſtains)
No whiter page than Addiſon remains.
He, [69] from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the ſide of Truth,
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cauſe,
Her Trade ſupported, and ſupply'd her Laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verſe ingrav'd,
The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet ſav'd.
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to [72] relieve the Idiot and the Poor *,
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And [70] ſtretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.

Torquet [69] *ab* obſcœnis *jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;*
Mox etiam pectus præceptis formet amicis,
Aſperitatis, & invidiæ corrector, & iræ.
Recte facta refert; [70] *orientia tempora notis*
Inſtruit exemplis: [72] *inopem ſolatur, & ægrum.*

* A Foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for aſſiſting the Poor by lending ſmall ſums of money on demand.

Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with [72] Psalms:
The [73] Boys and Girls whose charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could Devotion [72] touch the country pews,
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
Verse chears their leisure, Verse assists their work,
Verse prays for Peace, or sings down [74] Pope and Turk.
The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain,
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And [75] Heav'n is won by Violence of Song.
Our [76] rural Ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care:

Cassis cum [72] *patris ignara puella mariti*
Disserat unde [73] *preces, cantus ni Musa dedisset?*
Psallit opem Chorus, & præsentia numina sentit;
Cœlestes implorat aquas dulcis prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, [74] *metuenda pericula pellit;*
Impetrat & Pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum.
[75] *Carmine Di superi placantur, carmine Manes.*
[76] *Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,*
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus, & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum sociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,

The

The laugh, the jeſt, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry ſoul:
With growing years the pleaſing Licence grew,
And [77] Taunts alternate innocently flew.
But Times corrupt, and [78] Nature, ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a ſting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at ſtrife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Juſtice lent her arm.
At length, by wholeſom [79] dread of ſtatutes bound,
The Poets learn'd to pleaſe, and not to wound:
Moſt warp'd to [80] Flatt'ry's ſide; but ſome, more nice,
Preſerv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence Satire roſe, that juſt the medium hit,
And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.

Fluribus & vinu Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Feſtivum ſer hunc invenia licentia morem
[77] *Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;*
Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter: [78] donec jam ſævus apertam
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, & per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax. Doluere cruenta
Dente lacceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque curæ
Conditio ſuper communi: [79] quin etiam lex
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi. Vertere modum, formidine fuſti
Ad [80] benedicendum, delectandumque redacti.

[21] We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and [22] Numbers learn'd to flow.
* Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic March, and Energy divine.
Tho' still some traces of our [23] rustic vein
And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd Nation [24] breath'd from civil war.
Exact [25] Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Shew'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the [26] Tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:

---

[21] *Gracia capta, ferum victorem cepit, & Artes*
Intulit agresti Latio, sic horridus ille
Defluxit [22] numerus Saturnius, *& grave virus*
Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum
Manserunt, hodieque manent, [23] vestigia ruris.
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et post [24] Punica bella *quietus, quærere cœpit,*
Quid [25] *Sophocles, & Thespis, & Æschylus utile ferrent:*
Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset;
Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis, & acer:
Nam [26] *spirat tragicum satis, & feliciter audet:*

* Mr. Waller about this time with the E. of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille: and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation.

But

But Otway fail'd to poliſh or refine,
And [87] fluent Shakeſpear ſcarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The laſt and greateſt Art, the Art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
The [88] humbler Muſe of Comedy require?
But in known Images of life, I gueſs
The labour greater, as th' indulgence leſs. [89].
Obſerve how ſeldom ev'n the beſt ſucceed:
Tell me if [90] Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The ſtage how [91] looſely does * Aſtræa tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed:
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky [92] eat with vaſt applauſe!
But fill their [93] purſe, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.

Sed [87] *turpem putat in ſcriptis, metuitque* lituram.
Creditur, ex [88] medio *quia res arceſſit, habere*
Sudoris minimum; ſed habet comœdia *tanto*
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. [89] *Aſpice Plautus*
Quo patto [90] partes tutetur *amantis ephebi,*
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut inſidioſi?
Quantus ſit Dorſennus [91] edacibus in paraſitis!
Quam [92] non aſtricto *percurrat pulpita* ſocco!
Geſtit enim [93] *nummum in loculos demittere, poſt hoc*
Securus, cadat, an recto ſtet fabula talo.

* Aſtræa, a Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoreſs of ſeveral obſcene Plays, &c.

O you! whom ** Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a fidling gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or born too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
** Farewel the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
** There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monster of the Pit:
A senseless, worthless, and un-honour'd crowd;
Who ** to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, the ** Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!
Ever the rule of Modes, but now ** of Lords:
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)

---

*Quem tulit ad scenam ** ventosæ gloria curvi,*
Examinat lances sportularum, fabulæ inflat:
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
*Subruit, aut reficit: ** cœnat vix Lucullus! si me*
Fallere vegetus mecum, donatq; redire, theatrum.
** *Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;*
Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
*Indocti, stolidique, & ** depugnare parati*
Si discordet eques, medio inter carmina poscunt
*Aut ** ursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.*
*Verum ** Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas*
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.

The

The Play stands still; drums, trumpets and fifes,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot [100] and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermine, Gold and Lawn;
The Champion too! and, to complete the jolly,
* Old Edward's Armour beams on Gilbert's back.
With [101] laughter few Democritus had thrill'd,
Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
Let Bear or [102] Elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah luckless [103] Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more;

Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt [100] *equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ:*
Mox trahitur manibus Regum fortuna retortis;
Effeda sphinxque, jubæ, tristitia, mixtus,
Captivum portatur ebur, captivus Corinthus.
[101] *Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu*
Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
Sive [102] *elephas albus vulgi converterat ora:*
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
Ut sibi provisum cum lusoribus aprum:
Scriptoris autem [103] *narrare putaret asello*
Fabellam surdo.——————

* The Coronation of Henry the Eighth and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Play-houses vyed with each other to represent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion.

While

While all its [104] throats the Gallery extends,
And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
Loud as the Wolves, on [105] Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's [106] petticoat;
Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the [107] last Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters ——— hark! the Universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
"What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
[108] Cato's long Wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t'instruct the times,
To know the Poet from the Man of Rymes:

——— *Nam quæ* [104] *pervincere voces*
Evalure possint, quam nostra theatra?
[105] *Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut* mare Tuscum;
Tanto cum populus hæc spectatorius, & artes,
[106] *Divitiæque peregrinæ, quibus* [107] *oblitus actor*
Cum stetit in scena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
"*Dixit adhuc aliquid?*" "*Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?*
[108] *Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.*
Ac ne forte putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cum male tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur

[105] *Orcas' stormy steep.*] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades.

'Tis

'Tis He, ‡‡‡ who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns,
Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart,
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

‡‡‡ But not this part of the Poetic state
Alone, deserves the favour of the Great:
Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their Mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill ‡‡‡a * Library with Wit,
When † Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet?

Ire Poeta, ‡‡‡ meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus, & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
‡‡‡ Verum age, & his, qui se lectori credere malunt,
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,
Curam redde brevem; si ‡‡‡ munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere libris, *& vatibus addere calcar,*
Ut studio majore petant Helicona virentem.

* *Munus Apolline dignum.*] The Palatine Library then building by Augustus.

† *Merlin's Cave.*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books.

My

My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We [113] Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:
The [114] season, when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience, just like other men.
Then too we hurt our selves, when to defend
A [115] single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat [116] unask'd; lament, the [117] Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most, when shining with too weak a wing,
We need will write Epistles to the King;
And [118] from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or pension from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Historians by express command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louïs, Boileau and Racine.

---

[113] *Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,*
(Ut vincta aquosæ cadopa mea) cum tibi librum
[114] *Sollicito damus aut fesso: cum laedimur,* [115] *unum*
Si quis amicorum est ausus reprendere versum:
Cum hoc ioco [116] *ventis data vela vocamus* irrevocati:
Cum [117] *Iracundior non apparere labores*
Mavis, & immi dedocta poemata filo:
Cum [118] *stertentes te rem cantorem, ut fidi atque*
Cessantis, vetet ire foras, commendet olivo
Amicus, & agave uvas, & scribere cogas.

Yet

Yet [1] think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)
Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?
Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,
Fit to bestow the [2] Laureat's weighty place.
[3] Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great [4] Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a [5] Russian Bear.

Sed tamen est [1] *operæ pretium cognoscere, quales*
Ædituos habeat belli spectata domique
Virtus, [2] *indignus nec committendus poetæ.*
[3] *Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille*
Choerilus, incultis qui versibus & male natis
Rettulit acceptus, regalis nummus, Philippus.
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis se, præter Apellem,
Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra.
Fortis [4] *Alexandri vultum simultatis: quod si*
Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros, & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares,
[5] *Boeotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.*
[At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
Munera quæ, multa dantis cum laude, tulerunt
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ:]

Not

(Not with such [394] majesty, such bold relief,
The Forms angelic, or Heroic Chief,
E'er fwell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.
O! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your [395] Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing!
What [396] fates you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How [397] barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
[398] Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And [399] Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne ——
But [400] Verse alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains:

Nec magis expreſſi [394] *vultus per ahenea ſigna,*
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
Clarorum apparent: Nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, [395] *quam res componere geſtas;*
Terrarumque [396] *ſitus, & flumina dicere, & arces*
Montibus impoſitas; & [397] *barbara regna, tuiſque*
Adſpicias [398] *omnem ſub Caſare duella per orbem,*
Claſſibus [399] *& Cauſam Pacis celebrare Faventem,*
Et [400] *formidatam Parthis, te Principe, Romam.*
Si quantum cupiam, poſſim quoque: ſed neque parvum
[401] *Carmen Majeſtas recipit tua, nec meus audet*
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recuſant.

The

The Zeal of [131] Fools offends at any time,
But moſt of all, the Zeal of Fools in ryme.
Beſides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praiſe, they ſay [132] I bite.
A vile [133] Encomium doubly ridiculeſ:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools;
If true, a [134] woful likeneſs, and if lyes,
"Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:"
Well may he [135] bluſh, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like [136] Journals, Odes, and ſuch forgotten things
As Euſden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Cloath ſpice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Sohoe.

Sedulitas autem [131] ſtultè *quem* diligit, *urget,*
Præcipuè cum ſe numeris *commendat & arte.*
Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud.
Quod quis [132] deridet, *quam quod* probat & veneratur.
Nil moror [133] *officium quod me gravat; ac neque ſtulto*
In [134] pejus *vultu proponi cereus uſquam,*
Nec prave factis decorari verſibus, opto:
Ne [135] *rubeam* pingui *donatus munere; & una*
Cum [136] *ſcriptore meo, capſa porrectus aperta,*
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Ludentis speciem dabit, & torquebitur. Hor.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

DEar Col'nel, Cousin's and your country's Friend!
You love a Verse, take such as I can send.
[2] A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins——"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
"Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
"My only son, I'd have him see the world:

---

[1] *Flare, bone clarique fidelis amice Neroni,*
[2] *Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum*
Tibure vel Gabiis: & tecum sic agat: "Hic & "Candidus, & talos à vertice pulcher ad imos,

" His French is pure; his Voice too—you shall hear—
" Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.
" Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
" Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please:
" A perfect genius at an Opera-song——
" To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
" Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
" His whole ambition was to serve a Lord,
" But Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
" Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
" Once, (and but once) I caught him in a lye,
" And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
" The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
" (Cou'd you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal.
" If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Cou'd you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad?

" *Fiet tritque tuus nummorum millibus octo,*
" *Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles,*
" *Litterulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti*
" *Cuilibet: argillâ quidvis imitaberis uda.*
" *Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.*
" *Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius æquo*
" *Laudat venalis, qui vult extrudere, merces.*
" *Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in ære.*
" *Nemo hoc mancipium nolet tibi: non temnet à me.*
" *Quivis ferret idem, semel hic cessavit: & sit,*
" *In stabulis latuit furacibus: addentis habenæ.*
" *Dic summum, crepidas non sanum corrigit: esto.*
" *Illa ferat pretium, pœnæ securus, opinor.*
Prudens emisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex.

Faith,

Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think * Sir Godfry should decide the suit;
Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash, away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.
* Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With Laws, to which you gave your own assent?
Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhime?
[5] In Anna's Wars, a Soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night,
He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.
This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,

Insequeris tamen hunc, & lite moraris iniquâ.
* *Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi*
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea saevus
Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quaeris super hoc etiam, quod
Exspectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
[5] *Lucilli miles collecta viatica, multis*
Aerumnis lassus dum nulla fortit, ad assem
Perdiderat: post hoc vehemens lupus, & sibi & hosti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,

* An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Panca.

He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall,
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
"Prodigious well!" his great Commander cry'd,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and it's no great matter)
"Go on, my Friend! (he cry'd) see yonder walls!
"Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
"More honours, more rewards, attend the brave"—
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a Sot?
"Let him take cities who has ne'er a groat."
"Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek, the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:

Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summâ munito, & multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum donis ornatur honestis,
Accipit & bis dena super sestertia nummûm.
Forte sub hoc tempus castellum everterat prætor
Nescio quod, *capitum, lucturi carpit eundem*
Verbis, quæ timidis quoque possent addere mentem:
I bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia. quid stas?
Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, "Ibit,
"Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.
Rectus eram: mihi contigit, atque docuit,
Iratus Græiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum.

(And

(And little sure important to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell:
And certain Laws, by suff'rers thought unjust,
Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind,
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten * Monroes,
If I would scribble, rather than repose.
Years foll'wing years, steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from our selves away:

Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum.
Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato:
Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,
Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
Unde simul primùm me dimisere Philippi,
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris & fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit, habentur;
Quæ scripsi turpem passus cortice libellum,
Hi mihi dormirem quotiens, quidve ferirem versus?
Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes;

* Dr. MONROE, Physician to Bedlam Hospital.

In one our Frolicks, one Amusement end,
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend:
This fabled Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhime?
Ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still.
* But after all, what wou'd you have me do?
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this Heroicks only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindarick lays?
One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg;
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.
* But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhime, can London be the place?
Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crouds, and courts, law, business, feasts and friends,

Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;
Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?
** Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.*
Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
Ille Bionæis sermonibus, & sale nigro.
Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis tu quod jubet alter:
Quod petis, id sanè est invisum acidumque duobus.
** Pratter cætera, me Romæne poemata censes*
Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?

My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, sir, in Bloomsb'ry-square—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—
There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.——
"Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,
"And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite so well however as one ought:
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought,
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guild-hall's narrow pass,
Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass?
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v--nce in a Car?
Go, lofty Poet! and in such a croud,
Sing thy sonorous verse——but not aloud.

Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.
Intervalla vides humane commoda! "Verum
"Pura sint plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstet."
Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor;
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:
Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.
Ito nunc, & versus tecum meditare canoros.

Alas!

Alas! to Grotto's and to Grotes we run,
To Ranc and Sloane, ev'ry Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and dance at * Tunbridge or Earl's-Court.
How shall I shine in this eternal roar?
How match the hands whom none e'er match'd before?
** The Man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat
To books and study gives for'n years complete,
Shut from mankind, may still a Man appear.
But soon as seen by Londoners in town,
Distrust and terror vanish from his face,
And the world calls him only a great Dunce.
Like some lone Chartreux stands the Temple Locke,
Thames' silver tide with wayward fancy flows,
Beneath the Lord Chief Justice's grave face,
Or Smedley's Metaphysic arms recline.
Here the fir'd bard, with hairs all on end,
With nervous arms and darning fingers, sends
His Quill to Battle: here the Beauteous Nymph
Prints her last Billet-doux, and Ogles all.
Each Mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarborough his Genius, or the Mall its Joys;
Nor to Sir Richard Fortune grudge a Throne,
Or a new Face to Merlin or Partridge.
Happy my Friend, who quits this Scene of Care,
Blest in the Silence of the rural Reign!
Where Gardens smile, and Roses breathe around
Their Marble Urns, and Flora's Earthen Ware.
There Ombre's Regent breaks the Tyrant's sway,
And Tea and Coffee Exiles dread repay.
Not prouder Yachts delight to cut the Main,
When Eastern Winds begin to reign,
Than the proud Chariot, when the Lizard Mane
Adorns the Fore-head of the Sprightly Team.
Not Judges Charges fuller Lectures yield,
Than the Big Wig in Full Free Coffee-field.
Not Stocks with more delight the Gamesters please,
Than Silver Shells the Shining Grate of these.
Not Fans in Operas cool the Matron Breast,
Than Chimney-Boards when Chimneys are at rest.
Not Equipages more the Spleen remove,
Than Prospects lengthening from the Arched Alcove.
Not Powder'd Coxcombs bear more Stinking Sweets,
Than Powder'd Footmen in the Publick Streets.
Not Arthur's Rooms with Nobler Scenes abound,
Than Broad Parterres beneath our Casements Round.
Not Fleet-ditch Merchants with more Eager Face
Meet and Salute each other in the Race,
Than Rival Neighbours Pass the Morning Hours,
Examine Works, and Vote for Fairest Flowers.
Not Mercers Rooms display more Various Lace,
Than Rich Brocades the Vests of Flowers we Chuse.
Not Antique Fans in Greater Number Shine,
Than Curious Tulips we Contemplate Fine.
Not Perfect Headdresses more Nature Show,
Than Rising Suns and Purple Pinks we Know.
Not Ladies Toilets Sweeter Scents Exhale,
Than Spicy Pinks and Carnations Regale.
Not Diamond Drops Ear-rings more Transparent Shine,
Than Virgin Honours and Unsullied Wine.
In Books, Crowns, Medals, Pictures, Rich Array,
Shells, Insects, Classick Earth, and Marble Clay,
Let Others Vye, Let Antiquarians Pore,
Blest Gardens Shall Employ my Future Hours,
Fill all my Views, and Raise my Fancy higher:
Control proud Fortune, Know no Wish beside,
Nor Look Abroad, nor Envy Nature's Pride.
There Shall I Clear Grove's Mossy Mantle Trace,
Or the Descent of Mole-hill Trace.
There Shall I Wind with Delia's Eyes a Maze,
Or in Her Temples Tie my Gordian Knots.
Or Plant Adonis's Bed, or the Blue Mountain Rear,
Make Falls of Waters, or Meander Streams,
Or with Enamell'd Lakes Amuse the Eye,
Or Clap Transparent Shells to Pebbled Walls.
Not Leaves shall Drop in Autumn, but my Art
Shall Spread the Shades, and Bid the Verdure Stay.
Not Winter Chill the Tender Plant with Frost,
But Fragrant Stoves Shall Mock the Winter's Rage,
Or Raise the Rose before the Zephyr Blows,
Or Violets Sweeten the Inclement Year.
Not Sylvia's Mother Shall More Careful Rear
The Infant Sylvia, than We Shall Attend
Each Tender Plant, and Every Annual Bud,
Each Halfpenny Pot, and Every Potted Flower.
Not Nurse more Pride in Her Fine Child Express,
Than We in Our Moss Houses, Shells, and Grass.
Not Lovers Kiss with Greater Rapture Press,
Than We Shall Kiss Each Other's Hand for Less.
Not Emperors in Their Guarded Chairs Appear
More Majestick, than We Sweeping Our Parterre.
Not Heroes Shew More Triumph in Their Eyes,
Than We Shall Boast, Survey the Prize,
Tho' Petty Palaces Rise Round Our Ears,
Tho' Sun-dials Shall Cut Short Our Years,
Tho' Winter Shall Deny Us Country Joys,
Tho' Rain Shall Spoil Our Coaches and Our Clothes,
Tho' Sun-burnt Weeders Shall Our Footsteps Dog,
Tho' Rooks Shall Caw Us from Our Tufted Trees,
Tho' Chimney-Sweepers Shall Our Morning Break,
Tho' Duns Shall Thunder at Our Evening Gate,
Tho' Our Fine Daughters Shall Run Mad for Balls,
Tho' Our Fine Sons Shall Run Mad for Operas,
Tho' Our Fine Wives Shall Run Mad for Equipages,
Tho' Our Fine Husbands Shall Run Mad for Whores,
Tho' Our Fine Selves Shall Run Mad for Fine Things,
Tho' Our Fine Children Shall Run Mad for Nothing,
Tho' Our Fine Friends Shall Run Mad for Us,
Tho' Our Fine Enemies Shall Run Mad for Us,
Tho' Our Fine Servants Shall Run Mad for Us,
Tho' Our Fine Masters Shall Run Mad for Us,
Tho' Our Fine Mistresses Shall Run Mad for Us,
Tho' Our Fine Lovers Shall Run Mad for Us,
Tho' Our Fine Husbands Shall Run Mad for Us,
Tho' Our Fine Wives Shall Run Mad for Us,
Tho' Our Fine Children Shall Run Mad for Us

[52] The Temple has two brother Sergeants law,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, these compound for both
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Bolls;
Each has a gravity would make you spew,
And shook his head at M——y, as a Wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your eloquence"—
"Yours, Cooper's manners—and your Talbot's sense."
[53] Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the Nine
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave, to see
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:

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[52] *Frater erat Romæ Consulti Rhetor; at alter*
Altrius sensum moveat Sodalis honore:
Gracchus at hic illi foret, hic ut Maecius ille.
Quid minùs argutis extet Fovet ipse Poetis?
[53] *Carmina compono, hic elegos; "mirabile visu!*
"*Caelatumque novem Musis opus!" adspice primùm,
Quanto cum fastu, quanto submissa reverti
Festinet vacuum Romanis vatibus atrium.
Hic stupet (si fors versus) legitque, & pectore ad imum
Quid ferat, & quare sibi sollers ira tumescat
Cordatur, & subito flagris exfurgere lectos
Lento Samnitis ad lumina prima docilis.
Dispeream Maecenas pereat si quis amicum*

" Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains,
" And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhiming race;
And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite
To court applauſe by printing what I write:
But let the Fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough,
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.
" In vain, bad Rhimers all mankind reject,
They write themſelves with moſt profound reſpect;
'Tis to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue,
Each pert fop's wiſdom is happy all day long.
But how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
The men, who write ſuch Verſe as we can read?
Their own ſtrict Judges, not a word they ſpare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:

Quis, niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus,
Fit Mimnermus, & optivo cognomine creſcit.
Multa ſive, ut plerumque, gravis irritabile vatum.
Cum ſcribo, & ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto:
Idem, ſtultitiæ ſtultior, & mutor vocatus,
Obſcuris ſpatiis imprudens legentibus ater.
" *Ridentur multi qui componunt carmina: verùm*
Gaudent ſcribentes, & ſe venerantur, & ultro,
Si non, hortantur quidquid ſcripſere, beati.
At qui legitimum cupiet ſacire poëtam,
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit quæcunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,

Such

Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line;
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
"But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance,
"As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

Et sine pondere erunt, & honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco: quamvis invita recedant,
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ:
Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
Quæ prisci vidêre Catonis ætate Cethegi,
Nunc situs informis premit & deformis usus:
Adsciscet nova, quæ genitor produxerit usus:
Vehemens & liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compescet: nimis aspera sano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet.
Ludentis speciem dabit, & torquebitur: ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur:

If

"If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be glean'd, and play the fool:
Call, if you will, bad shivering a disease,
It gives more happiness, or leaves them ease.
Thus liv'd *in patria Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord;
Who, tho' the Hands were up, delighted sate,
Heard, read, enquir'd, as in full debate;
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife,
Not quite a mad-man, tho' a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they
Wherever the gentleman began to fear—— [cur'd:
My Friends! he cry'd, p—x take you for your care!

"*Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,*
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quàm sapere, & ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebat miser esse, verumque
In vacuo bonus sibi sanguine quaerere pectus:
Cetera qui vitae servaret munia recto
More; bonus sanè vicinus, amabilis hospes,
Comis in uxorem; posset qui ignoscere servis,
Et signo laesi non mutarier hospitis; ille
Potus qui rupem, & fluvium cavisset patentem,
Fortè sub cognatorum oculos curriculus essent,
Ingenuè didicisse fideliter arteque multa,
Et prodesse sibi: "Pol me occidistis, amici,

That

That from a Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
Have bleſs'd and purg'd me to a ſimple Vote.
[27] Well, on the whole, plain Proſe muſt be my fate:
Wiſdom (curſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verſes to the boys at ſchool:
To rules of Proſody no more confin'd,
I learn to meaſure and harmonize my Mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the Soul.
[28] Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind reſumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the penſive Grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I aſk theſe ſober queſtions of my heart.
[29] If, when the more you drink, the more you cram,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal eaſe
Confeſs as well your Folly, as Diſeaſe?

Non ſervaſſis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.
[27] *Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,*
Et tempeſtivum pueris concedere ludum:
[28] *Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,*
Sed verae numeroſque modoſque aſtimare ſenis.
Quaeres quorſum haec tendat, unde ſupersit tibi ſemis:
[29] *Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphae,*
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parabam,
Tanto plura cupiebam, mihine inſanirem?

The

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the smart, but not the Vice."
Who first preach Angels? easie to cure the evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place
Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty D——! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these Flatt'rers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** low'd sixpence, more than he.
If there be truth in Law, and Use can give
A Property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confess you its lord:

---

* Si cuiusvis tibi sumpsisti radice vel herbâ
Non ferat bovem, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Propinare tibi cuvarior: auderas, cui
Eam Di dederint, illi denubere proximo
Inhibitum; & vino si nihil fopiantur, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uxoris manibus ipsum?
Aut si divitiis prudentem reddere possint,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; semper ruberes,
Vivaret in novis ut si quis amaritur annis.
** Si propinum est, quod qui libris mercatur & arce,
Quadam (si credis consultis) mercatur usus:
Qui te pascit ager, tuus est; & villicus Orbi,
Cum segetes arcat, tibi non frumenta daturus,
Te dominum sentit——— All

All [22] Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,
His Ven'son too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
[23] Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor, a Perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
[24] Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.

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[22] ——— *das nummos; accipis uvam,*
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe omnibus ibis
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
Aut etiam supra nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert vivas numerato nuper, an olim?
[23] *Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis & arvi,*
Emtum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefacit aënum.
Sed vocat usque suum, quod populus adsita certis
Limitibus vicinus refugit jurgia: tanquam
[24] *Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis hora,*
Nunc precio, nunc permutet dominum, & cedat in alterum jus.

Men? and *for ever?* wretch! what wou'dſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwold hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let rising Granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and Pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Build, build whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And time, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer fall.
Gold, Silver, Ivory, Vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Perſian dye,
There are who have not—and thank heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of Taſte, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as ſoon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and reſtleſs one
Ploughs, builds, ſows, reaps, and toils from ſun to ſun;

Sic, quos perpetuus nulli dator uſus, & hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam:
Quid vicis ſtruitur, aut domus? quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjicitur? Lucrani; ſi mutat Orcus
Grumida cum porris, non exorabilis auro?
Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, veſtes Gætulo murice tinctas,
Sunt quos nulla fatigant: eſt qui nec ſpectat habere
Cur alter fratrum cultus, & habitus, & ungi-
Parcior: hic vivit frugi, dum ſemper avarus
Litem & ſuperſtitiosa ſaxa movet, ad ſurdum latis ab urbe

The

The other slights, for women, sports, and wine,
All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grosvenor's mine:
Why one like Bo—— with pay and favour comes,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorp, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour:
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the same.

"Yet Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.

Silvestrem flammis & ferro mitiget agrum;
Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum:
NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ, *mortalis in unoquoque capite, vultu mutabilis, albus & ater.*
"*Utar, & ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo*
Tollam: nec mutuum, quid dì mihi donarint, haeres
Quod non plura dato donarit. & omnia nobis
Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
Discrepet, & quantum discordet parcus avaro;
Distat enim, sumptus cum proferre modestus
Scitus, & interdum tenui de cespite limen

'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore,
Another, not to heed to treaſure more;
Glad, like a boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd, if ſordid want be far away.
"What is't to me (a paſſenger God wot)
Whether my veſſel be firſt-rate or not?
The Ship it ſelf may make a better figure,
But I that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger.
I neither ſtrut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.
"But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
Not the black fear of death, that ſaddens all?

An potiùs, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.
"Pueris immunda domûs procul abſint. ego, utrùm
Nave ferar magnâ an parvâ; ferar unus & idem.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:
Non tamen adverſis ætatem ducimus Auſtris.
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.
"Non es avarus: abi. quid? cætera jam ſimul iſto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi ſpeſſus inanis
Ambitio? caret mortis formidine & irâ?

With

With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spight of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but mellow'd the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild e'er they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
30 Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drunk your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?
Natales grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?
Lenior & melior fis accedente senecta?
Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?
30 *Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.*
Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius aequo
Rideat, & pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

The FIRST ODE
Of the FOURTH BOOK of
HORACE.

To VENUS.

AGAIN! new Tumults in my breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne.
Ah ſeek not me with thy ſoft alarms,
Nor circle me with thy Chearms.
Mother too fierce of dear Deſires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To Number five direct your Doves,
There ſpread round Murray all your blooming Loves:
Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With every ſprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Miſtreſs, or to fix the Friend.

INTERMISSA *Venus diu*
Rurſus bella moves? parce precor, precor!
Non ſum qualis eram, bonæ
Sub regno Cinaræ: Deſine, dulcium
Mater ſæva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempeſtivius in domo
Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,

He,

He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
Shall ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each Rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.
Then ſhall thy Form the Marble grace,
(Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:
His Houſe, emboſom'd in the Grove,
Sacred to ſocial life and ſocial love,
Shall glitter o'er the peaceful green,
Where Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:
Thither, the ſilver-ſounding lyres
Shall call the ſmiling Loves, and young Deſires;
There, every Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the ſong;
There Youths and nymphs, in conſort gay,
Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.

Confeſſabere Maximi,
Si tarvire jecur quæris idoneum.
Nasque & nobilis & decens,
Et pro ſolicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Latè ſignum feret militiæ tuæ.
Et quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riſerit æmuli,
Albanus prope te lacus
Ponet marmoreum, ſub trabe citreâ
Illi plurima naribus
Duces thura; lyraque & Berecynthiæ
Delectabere tibiæ
Miſtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtulâ.

Adimat

Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still-believing, still-renew'd desire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind Deceivers of the soul!
——But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dreft in Fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow thro' th' extended Dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst, (ah cruel!) from my arms,
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the Canal,
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now, on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Illic bis patri die
Nomen cum tenuis virginibus tuum
Laudantur, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero:
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
——Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis te ego somniis
Jam captum teneo: jam volucrem sequor
Te, per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

FINIS.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

The first Part imitated in the Year 1714, by Dr. *Swift*; the latter Part now first added.

HORACE

OF

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

SIXTH SATIRE

THE

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
A River at my garden's end,
A Terras-walk, and half a Rood
Of Land, set out to plant a Wood.

HOC erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret: auctius atque

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to encreaſe my ſtore;
But here a Grievance ſeems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould ſound more clever,
To me and to my Heirs for ever.
If I ne'er got or loſt a groat,
By any Trick, or any Fault;
And if I pray by Reaſon's rules,
And not like ſorty other Fools:
As thus, "Vouchſafe, oh gracious Maker!
"To grant me this and t'other Acre:
"Or if it be thy Will and Pleaſure,
"Direct my Plow to find a Treaſure:"
But only what my Station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits.
Preſerve, Almighty Providence!
Juſt what you gave me, Competence:

Dii melius fecere: bene eſt: nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, niſi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione mole rem,
Nec ſum facturus vitio culpave minorem;
Si ventror ſtultus nihil bonum; O ſi angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denegrat agellum!
O ſi urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monſtret, ut illi,
Theſauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipſum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule! ſi quid adeſt, gratum juvat; hac prece te oro
Pingue pecus domino facias, & cætera, præter
Ingenium; utque ſolet, cuſtos mihi maximus adſis!

And

"And let me in these shades compose
"Something in Verse as true as Prose;
"Remov'd from all th' Ambitious Scene,
"Nor puff'd by Pride, nor sunk by Spleen.
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side *Trent*;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with Statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the Crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
"Send for him up, take no excuse.
The toil, the danger of the Seas;
Great Ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found;
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean go change your gown,
"Let my Lord know you're come to town.

Ergo ubi me in montes & in arcem ex urbe removi,
Quid prius illustrem Satiris, Musaque pedestri?
Nec mala me Ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.
Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores
Instituunt (sic diis placitum) tu carminis esto
Principium. — Romæ sponsorem me rapis: non,
Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urgue:

I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is Levee-day;
And find his Honour in a Pound,
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green;
How ſhould I thruſt my ſelf between?
Some Wag obſerves me thus perplext,
And ſmiling, whiſpers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
"To juſtle here among a croud."
Another in a ſurly fit,
Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,
"So eager to expreſs your love,
"You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
"But rudely puſh before a Duke.
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to ſhow
What I deſire the World ſhould know.
I get a whiſper, and withdraw;
When twenty Fools I never ſaw

Sive Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.
Poſtmodo, quod mihi obſit, clare certumque locuto,
Luctantem in turba; facienda injuria tardis:
Quid vis inſane? & quas res agis? improbus urguet
Iratis precibus; tu pulſes omne quod obſtat,
Ad Mæcenatem memori ſi mente recurras.
Hæc juvat, & multi eſt, non mentiar: at ſimul atras
Ventum eſt Eſquilias, aliena negotia centum

Come with Petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his Case——
That, begs my int'rest for a Place——
A hundred other Men's affairs
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my Appeal comes on,
"Without your help the Cause is gone——
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great Affair, at Two——
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
"To get my Warrant quickly sign'd:
"Consider, 'tis my first request.——
Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best:——
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
"I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
And Mr. Dean, one word from you——
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since HARLEY bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;

Per caput & circa saliunt latus. Ante ferendus
Rescius erabat sibi adesse ad Puteal erus.
De re communi scribæ magna atque nova te
Orabant hodie mane vix, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his cum Mæcenas signa rogatus.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, jubes, abdite, & infer.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere suorum

Wou'd take me in his Coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the Wind?"
"Who's Chariot's that we left behind?
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the Country Signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to Town,
Where all that paſſes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Croſs.
Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
"How think you of our Friend the Dean?
"I wonder what ſome people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown ſo great,
"Always together, *tête à tête*,
"What, they admire him for his jokes——
"See but the fortune of ſome Folks!

In numero, dantanat ad hoc, quem tollere rhedæ
Vellet, iter facium, & cui concredere nugas
Hic gemus: Hora quota eſt? Thrax eſt Gallina Syro par?
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
Et quæ rimoſis hæret deformatur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus ſubjectior in diem & horam
Invidiæ. Noſter ludos ſpectaverat unus;
Luſerat in Campo: Fortunæ filius; omnes.

There

There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome Expreſs arriv'd at Court;
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
"Or do the Prints and Papers lye?
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah Doctor, how you love to jeſt?
"'Tis now no ſecret——I proteſt
'Tis one to me——" Then tell us, pray,
"When are the Troops to have their pay?
And, tho' I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus in a ſea of folly toſs'd,
My choiceſt Hours of life are loſt;

Frigidus a Roſtris manat per compita rumor:
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit; O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam proximus attingis, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audiſti? Nil equidem: Ut tu
Semper eris derliſor! At omnes Dii exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promiſſa Triquetra
Prædia Cæſar, an eſt Italis tellure daturus?
Jurantem me ſcire nihil mirantur ut unum
Scilicet egregiis mortalem altique ſilenti.
Perditur hæc inter miſero lux, non ſine votis:

Yet

Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my Country Seat!
There leaning near a gentle Brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient Book,
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those Cares that haunt the Court and Town.
O charming Noons! and Nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My Friends above, my Folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The Beans and Bacon set before 'em,
The Grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And ev'n the very Dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A Neighbour's Madness, or his Spouse's,
Or what's in either of the *Houses*:

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!
O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponetur olus soliuia lardo?
O noctes cœnæque deûm! quibus ipse meique,
Ante larem proprium vescor, vernasque procaces
Pasco libatis dapibus. Prout cuique libido est,
Siccat inæquales calices conviva solutus
Legibus insanis; seu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula, seu modicis uvescit lætius. Ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,

But

But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of Merit, or a Miser?
Whether we ought to chuse our Friends,
For their own Worth, or our own Ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?
Our Friend Dan *Prior*, told (you know)
A Tale extreamly *à propos*:
Name a Town Life, and in a trice,
He had a Story of *two Mice*.
Once on a time (so runs the Fable)
A Country Mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a Town Mouse at his Board,
Just as a Farmer might a Lord.
A frugal Mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,

Nec, male necne Lepos saltet; sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, & nescire malum est, agitamus: utrumne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati?
Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne trahat nos?
Et quae sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus?
Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit anilis
Ex re fabellas. Siquis eum laudat Arelli
Sollicitus ignarus agas, sic incipit: Olim
Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepisse cavo, veterum vetus hospes amicum;

Knew

Knew what was handſome, and wou'd do't,
On juſt occaſion, *coute qui coute.*
He brought him Bacon (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheeſe, ſuch as mites in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;
Yet to his Gueſt tho' no way ſparing,
He eat himſelf the rind and paring.
Our Courtier ſcarce could touch a bit,
But ſhow'd his Breeding and his Wit;
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But Lord, my Friend, this ſavage Scene!
"For God's ſake, come, and live with Men:
"Conſider, Mice, like Men, muſt die,
"Both ſmall and great, both you and I:

Aſper, & attentus quæſtiis, ut tamen arctum
Solveret hoſpitiis animum: quid multa? neque ille
Sepoſiti ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:
Aridum & ore ferens acinum, ſtrueſque lardi
Præſa dedit, cupiens varia faſtidia cenæ
Vincere tangentis male ſingula dente ſuperbo:
Cum pater ipſe domus palea porrectus in horna
Eſſet ador loliumque, dapis mollioris, relinquens.
Tandem Urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
Præruptis nemoris patientem vivere dorſo?
Vis tu homines urbemque feris præponere ſylvis?
Carpe viam (mihi credo) comes, terreſtria quando
Mortales animas vivunt ſortita, neque ulla eſt
Aut magno aut parvo leti fuga: quo bone circa,

"Then

"Then ſpend your life in Joy and Sport,
"(This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court.)
The pureſt Hermit in the Nation
May yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation.
Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's-Inn;
('Twas on the night of a Debate,
When all their Lordſhips had ſate late.)
Behold the place, where if a Poet
Shin'd in Deſcription, he might ſhow it;
Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with Silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and Stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be ſaid,
The Moon was up, and Men a-bed,
The Napkins white, the Carpet red:
The Gueſts withdrawn had left the Treat,
And down the Mice ſate, *tête à tête.*

Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor quam ſis ævi brevis.—Hæc ubi dicta
Agreſtem pepulere, domo levis exſilit: inde
Ambo propoſitum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Mœnia nocturni ſubrepere: jamque tenebat
Nox medium cœli ſpatium, cum pergit uterque
In locupletis domus veſtigia; rubro ubi cocco
Tincta ſuper lectos canderat veſtis eburnos:
Multaque de magna ſupereſſent fercula cœna,
Quæ procul extructis inerant veſterna caniſtris.

Our

(Our Courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his Friend of Fowl and Fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ça est bon! Ah goutez ça!*
"That Jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing,
"Pray dip your Whiskers and your Tail in."
Was ever such a happy Swain!
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
"To eat so much—but all's so good.
"I have a thousand thanks to give—
"My Lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the Hall
Rush Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:
"A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door—
The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's Mice,
Or Gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.)

Ergo ubi purpureo porrectum in vestibus agrum
Aspexere, velut succinctus cursitat hospes,
Continuatque dapes; nec non vernaliter ipsis
Fungitur officiis, prægustatorque minister.
Ille cibum capiat mutata sorte, benigno
Risu agit lætum convivam; cum subito ingens
Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque;
Currere per totum pavidi conclave, magisque
Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis

"An't

"An't please your Honour, quoth the Peasant,
"This same Desert is not so pleasant;
"Give me again my hollow Tree,
"A Crust of Bread, and Liberty!

Perfunxit cunctos. Tum rustica, "Haud mihi vita
"Est opus hac, ait, & multas: me fylva cavusque
"Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur cibo.

THE SEVENTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to Auguſt, and (in ſhort)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.

Quinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax deſidvor. Atqui

You

You humour me when I am ſick,
Why not when I am ſplenatick?
In town, what Objects could I meet?
The Shops ſhut up in every ſtreet,
And Fun'rals black'ning all the Doors,
And yet more melancholy Whores:
And what a duſt in every place?
And a thin Court that wants your Face,
And Fevers raging up and down,
And W * and H * * both in town!
"The Dog-days are no more the caſe."
'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
Then ſouthward let your Bard retire,
Hold out ſome months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
And you ſhall ſee, the firſt warm Weather,
Me and the Butterflies together.
My Lord, your Favours well I know;
'Tis with Diſtinction you beſtow;

Si me vivere vis ſanum rectèque valentem,
Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timenti,
Mæcenas, veniam; dum ſirus prima calorque
Diſignatorem decorat lictoribus atris;
Dum pueris omnis pater & matercula pallet;
Officioſaque ſedulitas, & opella forenſis
Adducit febres, & teſtamenta reſignat.
Quod ſi bruma nives Albanis illinet agris,
Ad mare deſcendet vates tuus, & ſibi parcet,
Contractuſque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviſet
Cum Zephyris, ſi concedes, & hirundine prima.
Non quo more pyris veſci Calaber jubet hoſpes,

And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his Plumbs.
" Pray take them, Sir,—Enough's a Feast:
" Eat some, and pocket up the rest—
What rob your Boys? these pretty rogues!—
" No Sir, you'll leave them to the *Hogs*.
Thus Fools with Compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your Favours on a Fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or should
Be mighty ready to do good:
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.
Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe Companion, and a free;

Tu me fecisti locupletem: " *Vescere sodes.*
Jam satis est. " *At tu quantum vis tolle.* *Benigne.*
" *Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.*
Tam teneor dono quam si dimittar onustus.
" *Ut libet: haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.*
Prodigus & stultus donat quae spernit & odit:
Haec seges ingratos tulit, & feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus & sapiens dignis ait esse paratus;
Nec tamen ignorat quid distent aera lupinis.
Dignum praestabo me etiam pro laude merentis.

But

But if you'd have me always near——
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your Resolution
To give me back my Constitution!
The sprightly Wit, the lively Eye,
Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,
And kept you up so oft till one!
And all that voluntary Vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my Strain.

A Weasel once made shift to slink
In at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Cou'd not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the House
(' Twas not a Man, it was a Mouse)
Observing, cry'd, "You scape not so,
"Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."
Sir, you may spare your Application,
I'm no such Beast, nor his Relation;

Quod si me noles usquam discedere, reddes
Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos;
Reddes dulce loqui; reddes ridere decorum, &
Inter vina fugam Cynarae mœrere protervae.
Forte per angustam tenuis nitidula vimam
Repserat in cumeram frumenti; pastaque rursus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra:
Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere istinc,
Macra cavum repetes artum, quem macra subisti.
Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno:

Nor one that Temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea Subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but Liberty and Ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my Modesty, and smil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My Bread, and Independency!
So bought an Annual Rent or two,
And liv'd—just as you see I do:
Near fifty, and without a Wife,
I trust that sinking Fund, my Life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,
A little House, with Trees a-row,
And like its Master, very low,
There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

Nec somnum plebis laudo, satur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Sæpe verecundum laudâsti; vexque paterque
Audisti coram; nec verbo parcius absens:
Inspice si possim donata reponere lætus.
* * * * * * *
Parvum parva decent: mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.

To set this matter full before you,
Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.
"Harley, the Nation's great Support,"—
But you may read it, I stop short.

Strenuus & fortis rebus Philippus agendis, &c.

To let this matter fall before you,
Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.
"Harley, the Nation's great Support,"——
But you may read it, I hop thort.

Cyprum & Syria reduc Philippo regnatis, &c.

THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Imitated in the Manner of Mr. POPE.

HORACE

OF

THE FIRST BOOK

OF THE

SECOND SATIRE

OF THE

THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

THE Tribe of Templars, Play'rs, Apothecaries,
Pimps, Poets, Wits, Lord Fanny's, Lady Mary's,
And all the Court in tears, and half the Town,
Lament dear charming Oldfield, dead and gone!
Engaging Oldfield! who, with grace and eaſe,
Could join the Arts, to ruin, and to pleaſe.

Mlubajarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimæ, balatrones; hæc genus omne
Mœſtum ac ſollicitum eſt cauteris morte Tigelli:
Quippe Benignus *erat*——

Not

Not ſo, who of ten thouſand gull'd her Knight,
Then aſk'd ten thouſand for a ſecond Night:
The Gallant too, to whom ſhe paid it down,
Liv'd to refuſe that Miſtreſs half a crown.
Con: Philips cries, "A ſneaking dog I hate."
That's all three Lovers have ſot their Eſtate!
"Treat on, treat on," is her eternal note,
And lands and tenements go down her throat.
Some damn the Jade, and ſome the Cullies blame,
But not Sir H——t, for he does the ſame.
With all a Woman's virtues but the p—x,
Fuſidia thrives in Money, Land, and Stocks:
For Int'reſt, ten per cent. her conſtant rate is;
Her Body? hopeful Heirs may have it *gratis*.
She turns her very Siſter to a job,
And, in the happy minute, picks your fob:

——Contra hic, ne prodigus eſſe
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,
Frigus quo duramque famem depellere poſſit.
Hunc ſi parcentem, vivi cur atque parentis
Præclaram ingrata ſtringat malus inguvie rem,
Omnia conduſtis cœnet ſub ſonia nummis:
"Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi,"
Reſpondet. laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.
Fuſidius vappæ famam timet ac nebulonis,
Dives agris, dives poſitis in fœnore nummis.
Quinas hic capiti mercedes exſecat; atque
Quanto perditior quiſque eſt, tanto acrius urget.
Nomina ſallatur, modo ſumpta veſte virili
Sub patribus duris, tirunum. Maxime, quis non,

Yet

Yet ſtarves herſelf, ſo little her own friend,
And thirſts and hungers only at one end:
A Self-Tormentor, worſe than (in the Play)
The Wretch, whoſe Avarice drove his Son away.
But why all this? I'll tell ye; 'tis my Theme:
" Women and Fools are always in extreme.
Rufa's at either end a Common-ſhore,
Sweet Moll and Jack are Civet-Cat and Boar:
Nothing in nature is ſo lewd as Peg,
Yet, for the world, ſhe would not ſhew her leg!
While baſhful Jenny, ev'n at Morning-prayer,
Spreads her Fore-buttocks to the navel bare.
But diff'rent Taſte in diff'rent men prevails,
And one is fir'd by heads, and one by tails;
Some feel no flames but at the Court or Ball,
And others hunt white Aprons in the Mall.

Juppiter, exclamat, ſimul atque audivit? " *At in ſe*
" *Pro quæſtu ſumptum facit hic.*" *Vix credere poſſis*
Quam ſibi non ſit amicus: ita ut Pater ille, Terenti
Fabula quem miſerum gnato vixiſſe fugato
Inducit, non ſe pejus cruciaverit atque hic.
Si quis nunc quærat, Quo res hæc pertinet? Illuc:
" Dum vitant ſtulti vitia, in contraria currunt.
Malchinus tunicis demiſſis ambulat: eſt qui
Inguen *ad* obſcænum *ſubductis uſque* facetus:
Paſtillos Ruſillus olet, Gargonius hircum.
Nil medium eſt: ſunt qui nolint tetigiſſe, niſi illas,
Quarum ſubſuta talos tegat inſita veſte:
Contra alius nullam, niſi clunte in fornice ſtantem.

My

My Lord of L——n, chancing to remark
A noted Dean much busy'd in the Park,
"Pretend (he cry'd) proceed, my rev'rend Brother,
"'Tis *Juvenalis fimplex*, and no other:
"Better than lust for Boys, with Pope and Turk,
"Or others Spouses, like my Lord of ——
May no such Praise (cries J——s) e'er be mine!
J——s, who bows at H——fb——w's honry Shrine.
All you, who think the City ne'er can thrive,
Till ev'ry Cuckold-maker's flea'd alive;
Attend, while I their Miseries explain,
And pity men of Pleasure still in pain!
Survey the pangs they bear, the risques they run,
Where the most lucky are but last undone.
See! wretched Monsieur flies to save his throat,
And quits his Mistress, Money, Ring, and Note!

Quidam notus homo cum exiret fornice; "*Macte*
"*Virtute esto, inquit sententia dia Catonis,*
"*Nunc surge ac veteres inflevit tetra libido,*
"*Hinc juvenis æquum est descendere, non alienas*
"*Permolere uxores.*——
——*Nolim laudarier, inquit,*
Sic me, miratur cunni Catonnius albi.
Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte
Qui mechos non vultis, ut omni parte laborent,
Utque illis multo cornpta dolore voluptas,
Atque hæc rara, cadat dura inter sæpe pericla.
Hic se præcipitem tecto dedit: ille flagellis
Ad mortem cæsus: fugiens hic decidit acrem
Præsidium in turbam: dedit hic pro corpore nummos:

See

See good Sir George of rugged Livery ſtript,
By worthier Footman piſt upon and whipt!
Plunder'd by Thieves, (or Lawyers, which is worſe)
One bleeds in Perſon, and one bleeds in purſe;
This meets a blanket, and that meets a cudgel—
And all applaud the juſtice—All, but Budgel.
How much more ſafe, dear Countrymen! his State,
Who trades in Frigates of the ſecond rate?
And yet ſome care of S—ſt ſhould be had;
Nothing ſo mean for which he can't run mad;
His Wit confirms him but a ſlave the more,
And makes a Princeſs whom he found a Whore:
The Youth might ſave much trouble and expence,
Were he a Dupe of only common Senſe.
But here's his point; A Wench (he cries) for me!
"I never touch a Dame of Quality.
To Palmer's bed no Actreſs comes amiſs,
He courts the whole *Perſonæ Dramatis*:

Hunc perminxerunt calones; quin etiam illud
Accidit, ut cuidam teſtis, caudamque ſalacem
Demeterent ſervo. Jure omnes. Gelbia ægrotat.
Tutior at quanto merx eſt in claſſe ſecunda!
Libertinarum dico: Salluſtius in qua
Non minus inſanit, quam qui mercatur: at hic ſi,
Qua res, qua ratio ſuaderet, quoque modeſte
Munifico eſſe licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
Eſſe; daret quantum ſatis eſſet, nec ſibi damno
Dedecorique foret. verum hoc ſe amplitudine nulla,
Hoc amat & laudat: Matronam nullam ego tango.
Ut quondam Marſæus amator Originis, ille
Quipatrium mimæ donat fundumque laremque,

He

He too can say, "With Wives I never sin."
But Singing-Girls and Mimicks draw him in.
Sure, worthy Sir, the difference is not great,
With whom you lose your Credit and Estate?
This, or that person, what avails to shun?
What's wrong is wrong, wherever it be done:
The ruin, support, and lustre of your life,
Destroy'd alike with Strumpet, Maid, or Wife.
What push'd poor Ellis on th' Imperial Whore?
'Twas but to be where CHARLES had been before.
The fatal Steel unjustly was apply'd,
When not his Lust offended, but his Pride:
Too hard a Penance for defeated sin,
Himself shut out, and Jacob Hall let in.
Suppose that honest part that rules us all,
Should rise, and say,—Sir Robert! or Sir Paul!

Nil fuerit mi, inquit, cum uxoribus unquam alienis.
Verum est cum mimis, est cum meretricibus: unde
Fama malum gravius, quam res, trahit. an tibi abunde
Persuasum satis est, non illud, quicquid ubique
Officit, evitare? bonam deperdere famam,
Non patris oblimare, nullum est ubicunque. quid inter
Est in matrona, ancilla, peccesne togata?
Villius in Fausta Sullae gener, hoc miser uno
Nomine deceptus, poenas dedit usque, superque
Quam satis est; pugnis caesus, ferroque petitus,
Exclusus foris, cum Longarenus foret intus.
Huic si, mutatis verbis, mala tanta videntis

" Did I demand, in my moſt rig'rous hour,
" A Thing deſcended from the Conqueror?
" Or when my pulſe beat higheſt, aſk for any
" Such Nicety, as Lady, or Lord Fanny?——
What would you anſwer? could you have the face,
When the poor Suff'rer humbly mourn'd his caſe,
To cry, " You weep the favours of her GRACE!
Hath not indulgent Nature ſpread a feaſt,
And giv'n enough for Man, enough for Beaſt?
But Man corrupt, perverſe in all his ways,
In ſearch of Vanities, from Nature ſtrays:
Yea, tho' the bleſſing's more than he can uſe,
Shuns the permitted, the forbid purſues!
Weigh well the Cauſe from whence theſe Evils ſpring,
'Tis in thyſelf, and not in God's good thing:
Then, leſt repentance puniſh ſuch a life,
Never, ah, never! kiſs thy Neighbour's Wife.

Dicteret hæc animus: Quid vis tibi? numquid ego a te
Magno prognatum deposco consule civem,
Velatumque stola, mea cum conferbuit ira?
Quid respondeat? Magno patre nata puella est.
At quanto melior moneat, fugiantque isti
Dives opis natura suæ! ut si modo recte
Dispensare velis, ac non fugienda petendis
Immiscere.
—Tuo vitio, rerumne labores,
Nil reservet putas? quare, ne pœniteat te,
Desine matronas sectarier: unde laboris
Plus haurire mali est, quam ex re decerpere fructus.

Firſt

First, Silks and Diamonds veil no finer shape,
Or plumper thigh, than lurk in humble Crape:
And secondly, how innocent a Belle
Is she who shows what ware she has to sell?
Her Lady-like, displays a milk-white Breast,
And hides, in sacred Sluttishness, the rest.
Our ancient Kings (and sure those Kings were wise,
Who judg'd themselves, and saw with their own eyes)
A War-horse never for the service chose,
But ey'd him round, and stript off all the cloaths;
For well they knew, proud Trappings serve to hide
A heavy chest, thick neck, or heaving side.
But Fools are ready Chaps, agog to buy,
Let but a comely fore-hand strike the eye:
No Eagle sharper, ev'ry charm to find,
To all defects, Ty——y not so blind:

Nec magis huic, inter niveos viridisque lapillos
Sit licet, o Cerinthe, tuo turgrum est femur, aut crus
Rectius: atque etiam melius persæpe togatæ est.
Adde huc, quod mercem sine fucis gestat; aperte
Quod venale habet, ostendit; neque si quid honesti est
Callet habetque palam, quærit quo turpia celet.
Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur; apertos
Inspiciunt: ne si facies, ut sæpe, decora
Molli fulta pede est; emptorem ducat hiantem,
Quod pulchræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix.
Hæc illi vestis. Tu corporis optima Lynceï
Contemplare oculis; Hypsæa cæcior, illa

Goose-

Goose-rump'd, hawk-nos'd, swan-footed is my Dear?
They'll praise her Elbow, heel, or Tip o'th' ear.
A Lady's Face is all you see undress'd;
(For none but Lady M—— shows the rest)
But if to charms more latent you pretend,
What lines encompass, and what works defend!
Dangers on dangers! Obstacles by dozens! [Cousins!
Spies, Guardians, Guests, old Women, Aunts, and
Could you directly to her Person go,
Stays will obstruct above, and Hoops below,
And if the Dame says yes, the Dress says no.
Not thus at N—dh—m's; your judicious eye
May measure there the breast, the hip, the thigh!
And will you run to Perils, Sword, and Law,
All for a thing you ne'er so much as saw?

Quæ mala sunt, spectas. O crus, o brachia! verum
Depugis, nasuta, brevi labrove, aut pede longo est.
Matronæ, præter faciem, nil cernere possis;
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.
Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata, (nam te
Hæc facit insanum) multæ tibi tum efficient res;
Custodes, lictica, cinisones, parasitæ;
Ad talos stola demissa, & circumdata palla:
Plurima, quæ invideant pure adparere tibi rem.
Altera nil obstat: Cœs tibi pene videre est
Ut nudam; ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi:
Motivi passis oculo latus. an tibi mavis
Insidias fieri pretiumque accellier, ante
Quam merces ostendi?

" The Harp once seiz'd, the Hunter heeds no more
" The little Scut he so pursu'd before;
" Love follows flying game (as Sucklyn sings)
" And 'tis for that the wanton Boy has wings."
Why let him sing—but when you're in the wrong,
Think ye to cure the mischief with a Song?
Has Nature set no bounds to wild Desire?
No Sense to guide, no Reason to enquire,
What solid Happiness, what empty Pride,
And what is best indulg'd, or best deny'd?
If neither Gems adorn, nor silver tip
The flowing bowl, will you not wet your lip?
Whilst sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed
Except on Pea-chicks, at the Bedford-head?
Or, when a tight neat Girl will serve the turn,
In errant pride, continue stiff and burn?

—" *Leporem venator ut alta*
" *In nive sectatur, positum si tangere nolit:*"
Cautat, & admovit, " *meus est amor hujus similis: nam*
" *Transvolat in medio posita, & fugientia captat.*"
Hisccine versiculis speras tibi posse dolores,
Atque æstus, curasque gravis è pectore tolli?
Nonne, cupidinibus statuat Natura modum quem,
Quid lætura, sibi quid sit dolitura negatum,
Quærere plus pravis; & inane abscindere fibris?
Num, tibi cum fractis uret sitis, aurea quæris
Pocula? num effugies saltidis omnia præter
Pavonem, rhombumque? tument tibi cum inguina, num, si
Ancilla aut verna est præsto puer, impetus in quem
Continuo fiat, malis tentigine rumpi?

Hæc

I'm a plain Man, whose maxim is profest,
"The thing at hand is of all things the best."
But her who will, and then will not comply,
Whose word is, If, Perhaps, and By-and-by,
Z——ds! let some Eunuch or Platonic take——
So B——t cries; Philosopher and Rake!
Who asks no more (right reasonable Peer)
Than not to wait too long, nor pay too dear,
Give me a willing Nymph! ('tis all I care,)
Extremely clean, and tolerably fair;
Her shape her own, whatever shape she have,
And just that white and red which Nature gave:
Her I transported touch, transported view,
And call her Angel! Goddess! Montague!
No furious Husband thunders at the door;
No barking dog, no household in a roar;
From gleaming swords no shrieking Women run;
No wretched Wife cries out, Undone! undone!

Non ego: namque parabilem amo venerem, facilemque,
Illam, Post paullo, Sed pluris, si exierit vir,
Gallis hanc, Philodemus ait; sibi, quae neque magno
Stet pretio, nec cunctetur, cum est jussa venire.
Candida rectaque sit; munda hactenus, ut neque longa,
Nec magis alba velit, quam det natura, videri.
Haec ubi suppositit dextra corpus mihi laevum,
Ilia & Egeria est: do nomen quodlibet illi.
Nec verror, ne, dum futuo, vir rure recurrat;
Janua frangatur; fatreat equis; undique magno
Pulsa domus strepitu resonet; ne pallida luctu
Desiliat mulier; miseram se conscia clamet;

Sein'd in the fact, and in her Cuckold's pow'r,
She kneels, she weeps, and worse! resigns her Dow'r.
Me, naked me, to Posts, to Pumps they draw,
To Shame eternal, or eternal Law.
Oh Love! be deep Tranquility my luck,
No Mistress H—ysh—m near, no Lady B—ck:
For, to be taken, is the dev'l in hell;
This truth let L—l, J——ys, O—w tell.

Cruribus hæc metuat, dati hæc deprensa, egomet mi.
Discincta tunica fugienda est, ac pede nudo;
Ne nummi pereant, aut pugna, aut denique fama.
Deprendi miserum est! Fabio vel judice vincam.

FINIS.

THE THIRD SATIRE OF Dr. JOHN DONNE.

Verſifyed by Dr. PARNELL.

THE THIRD SATIRE OF Dr. JOHN DONNE.

KIND pity checks my spleen; brave scorn forbids
Those tears to issue, which swell my eye-lids.
I must not laugh, nor weep sins, but be wise,
Can railing then cure these worn maladies?
Is not our Mistress, fair Religion,
As worthy all our Souls devotion,
As Virtue was to the first blinded Age?
Are not heavens joyes as valiant to assuage

Lusts;

THE
THIRD SATIRE
OF
Dr. *JOHN DONNE:*
By Dr. PARNELLE.

COmpaſſion checks my ſpleen, yet Scorn denies
The tears a paſſage thro' my ſwelling eyes;
To *laugh* or *weep* at ſins, might idly ſhow,
Unheedful paſſion, or unfruitful woe.
Satyr! ariſe, and try thy ſharper ways,
If ever Satyr cur'd an old diſeaſe.
Is not *Religion* (Heav'n-deſcended dame)
As worthy all our ſoul's devouteſt flame,
As Moral Virtue in her early ſway,
When the beſt Heathens ſaw by doubtful day?
Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
As great and ſtrong to vanquiſh earthly love,

Luſts; as earths honour was to them? Alas,
As we do them in means, ſhall they ſurpaſs
Us in the end? and ſhall thy fathers ſpirit
Meet blind Philoſophers in heaven, whoſe merit
Of ſtrict life may be imputed faith, and bear
Thee, whom he taught ſo eaſie wayes and near
To follow, damn'd? Oh, if thou dar'ſt, fear this:
This fear great courage, and high valour is.
Dar'ſt thou ayd mutinous Dutch? and dar'ſt thou lay
Thee in ſhips wooden Sepulchres, a prey
To leaders rage, to ſtorms, to ſhot, to dearth?
Dar'ſt thou dive ſeas, and dungeons of the earth?
Haſt thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North diſcoveries, and thrice
Colder than Salamanders? like divine
Children in th' Oven, fires of Spain, and th' line
Whoſe Countries limbecks to our bodies be,
Canſt thou for gain bear? and muſt every he
Which cries not Goddeſs to thy Miſtreſs, draw,
Or eat thy poyſonous words? courage of ſtraw!
O deſperate coward, wilt thou ſeem bold, and
To thy foes and his, (who made thee to ſtand
Sentinel in this worlds Garriſon) thus yield,
And for forbid warres leave th' appointed field?
Know thy foes: The foul devil (he, whom thou
Striv'ſt to pleaſe) for hate, not love, would allow

Thee

As earthly glory, fame, reſpect and ſhow,
As all rewards their virtue found below?
Alas! Religion proper means prepares,
Theſe means are ours, and muſt its *End* be theirs?
And ſhall thy Father's ſpirit meet the ſight
Of Heathen Sages cloath'd in heavenly light,
Whoſe Merit of ſtrict life, ſeverely ſuited
To Reaſon's dictates, may be *faith* imputed?
Whilſt thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever baniſh'd from the bleſs'd abode.
Oh! if thy temper ſuch a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the nobleſt kind.
Dar'ſt thou provoke, when rebel ſouls aſpire,
Thy *Maker*'s Vengeance, and thy *Monarch*'s Ire?
Or live entomb'd in ſhips, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the ſea?
In ſearch of *pearl*, in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the ſun, in mines beneath?
Or, where in tempeſts icy mountains roll,
Attempt a paſſage by the Northern pole?
Or dar'ſt thou parch within the fires of *Spain*,
Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?
Or for ſome *Idol* of thy *Fancy* draw,
Some looſe-gown'd dame; O courage made of ſtraw!
Thus, deſp'rate Coward! would'ſt thou bold appear,
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee Centry here,
To thy own foes, to *his*, ignobly yield,
And leave, for wars forbid, the appointed field?
Know thy own foes; th' *Apoſtate Angel*, he
You ſtrive to pleaſe, the foremoſt of the Three;

Thee fain his whole Realm to be quit; and as
The worlds all parts wither away and paſs,
So the worlds ſelf, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wane, thou loving this,
Doſt love a withered and worn ſtrumpet; laſt,
Fleſh (it ſelf's death) and joyes which fleſh can taſt,
Thou lov'ſt; and thy fair goodly ſoul which doth
Give this fleſh power to taſt joy, thou doſt loath.
Seek true Religion, O where? Mirreus
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
Seeks her at Rome; *there, becauſe he doth know*
That ſhe was there a thouſand years agoe,
He loves the raggs ſo, as we here obey
The State-cloth where the Prince ſate yeſterday,
Grants to ſuch brave Loves will not be inthral'd,
But loves her only, who at Geneva *is call'd*
Religion, plain, ſimple, ſullen, young,
Contemptuous yet unhandſome: As among
Lecherous humours, there is one that judges
No wenches wholeſome, but coarſe country drudges.
Grajus ſtayes ſtill at home here, and becauſe
Some Preachers, vile ambitious bavds, and Laws
Still new like faſhions, bids him think that ſhe
Which dwells with us, is only perfect, he

Im-

He makes the pleaſures of his realm the bait,
But can *he* give for *Love*, that acts in *Hate*?
The *World's* thy ſecond Love, thy ſecond Foe,
The *World*, whoſe beauties periſh as they blow,
They fly, ſhe fades herſelf, and at the beſt
You graſp a wither'd ſtrumpet to your breaſt.
The *Fleſh* is next, which in fruition waſts,
High-flush'd with all the ſenſual joys it taſts,
While men the fair, the goodly *Soul* deſtroy,
From whence the *fleſh* has pow'r to taſt a joy.
Seek thou Religion, primitively ſound ——
Well, gentle friend, but where may ſhe be found?
By Faith *Implicite* blind *Ignaro* led,
Thinks the bright Seraph from *his* Country fled,
And ſeeks her ſeat at Rome, becauſe we know
She there was ſeen a thouſand years ago;
And loves her Relick rags, as men obey
The *foot-cloth* where the Prince ſat yeſterday.
Theſe pageant Forms are whining *Obed's* ſcorn,
Who ſeeks Religion at *Geneva* born,
A ſullen thing, whoſe coarſneſs ſuits the crowd,
Tho' young, unhandſome; tho' unhandſome, proud:
Thus, with the wanton, ſome perverſely judge
All girls unhealthy but the Country drudge.
No foreign ſchemes make eaſy *Capio* roam,
The man contented takes his Church at home;
Nay ſhould ſome Preachers, ſervile bawds of gain,
Shou'd ſome new Laws, which like new-faſhions reign,

Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
Tender'd to him, being tender; as Wards ſtill
Take ſuch wives as their Guardians offer, or
Pay values. Careleſs Phrygius *doth abhorr*
All, becauſe all cannot be good; as one
Knowing ſome women whores, dares marry none.
Gracchus *loves all as one, and thinks that ſo*
As women do in divers Countries go
In divers habits, yet are ſtill one kind;
So doth, ſo is Religion; and this blind-
neſs too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force muſt one, and forc'd but one allow;
And the right; ask thy Father which is ſhe,
Let him ask his. Though truth and falſhood be
Near twins, yet truth a little elder is.
Be buſie to ſeek her; believe me this,

He's

Comand his faith to count *Salvation* ty'd
To viſit *his*, and viſit *none* beſide,
He grants Salvation centers in his own,
And grants it centers but in his *alone*:
From youth to age he graſps the proffer'd dame,
And *they* confer his *Faith*, who give his *Name*:
So from the Guardian's hands, the Wards who live
Enthral'd to Guardians, take the wives they give.
From all poſſeſſions careleſs *Airy* flies,
For, *all* profeſſions can't be good, he cries,
And here a fault, and there another views,
And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuſe:
So men, who know what *ſome* looſe girls have done,
For fear of marrying *ſuch*, will marry *none*.
The Charms of *all*, obſequious *Courtly* ſtrike;
On each he doats, on each attends alike;
And thinks, as diff'rent countrys deck the dame,
The dreſſes altering, and the ſex the ſame;
So fares Religion, chang'd in outward ſhow,
But 'tis Religion ſtill, where'er we go:
This blindneſs ſprings from an exceſs of light,
And men embrace the *wrong* to chuſe the *right*.
But *thou* of force muſt *one* Religion own,
And only *one*, and that the *Right* alone.
To find that *Right one*, ask thy Reverend Sire;
Let him of his, and him of *his* enquire;
Tho' *Truth* and *Falſhood* ſeem as twins ally'd,
There's Elderſhip on *Truth*'s delightful ſide,

He's not of none, nor worſt, that ſeeks the beſt.
To adore, or ſcorn an Image, or proteſt,
May all be bad. Doubt wiſely: in ſtrange way
To ſtand inquiring right, is not to ſtray:
To ſleep, or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragged, and ſteep, Truth ſtands, and he that will
Reach her, about muſt, and about muſt goe:
And what the hills ſuddenneſs reſiſts, win ſo,
Yet ſtrive ſo, that before age, deaths twilight,
Thy Soul reſt, for none can work in that night.
To will implyes delay, therefore now do:
Hard deeds, the bodie's pain; hard knowledge too
The mind's indeavours reach; and myſteries
Are like the Sun dazling, yet plain to all eyes.
Keep the truth thou haſt found; men do not ſtand
In ſo ill caſe, that God hath with his hand
Sign'd Kings blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy ſoul be tyed
To mans laws, by which ſhe ſhall not be tryed

At

Her ſeek with heed—who ſeeks the ſoundeſt *Firſt*
Is not of *No* Religion, nor the *worſt*.
T'*adore*, or *ſcorn* an Image, or *proteſt*,
May *all* be bad: doubt wiſely for the beſt;
'Twere wrong to ſleep, or headlong run aſtray:
It is not wandring, to inquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the Baſis wide,
Steep to the top, and craggy at the ſide,
Sits ſacred *Truth* enthron'd; and he, who means
To reach the ſummit, mounts with weary pains,
Winds round and round, and every turn eſſays
Where ſudden breaks reſiſt the ſhorter ways.

Yet labour ſo, that, e're faint age arrive,
Thy ſearching ſoul poſſeſs her Reſt alive:
To work by twilight were to work too late,
And *Age* is twilight to the night of *fate*.
To *will* alone, is but to mean delay;
To work at *preſent* is the uſe of day:
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High *Thoughts* the *Soul*, hard *deeds* the *body* ſtrain;
And *Myſteries* ask believing, which to View
Like the fair *Sun*, are plain, but dazling too.

Be *Truth*, ſo found, with ſacred heed poſſeſt,
Not *Kings* have pow'r to tear it from thy breaſt,
By no blank Charters harm they where they hate,
Nor are they *Vicars*, but the *bands* of Fate.
Ah! fool and wretch, who let'ſt thy ſoul be ty'd
To *human* Laws! Or muſt it *ſo* be try'd?

Or

At the laſt day? Or will it then boot thee
To ſay a Philip *or a* Gregory,
A Harry *or a* Martin *taught me this?*
Is not this excuſe for mere contraries,
Equally ſtrong, cannot both ſides ſay ſo?
That thou mayeſt rightly obey power, her bounds know;
Thoſe paſt, her nature, and name are chang'd; to be
Then humble to her is Idolatry.
As ſtreams are, Power is; thoſe bleſt flowers that dwell
At the rough ſtreams calm head, thrive and do well,
But having left their roots, and themſelves given
To the ſtreams tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
Through Mills, Rocks, and Woods, and at laſt, almoſt
Conſum'd in going, in the ſea are loſt:
So periſh Souls, which more chuſe mens unjuſt
Power, from God claim'd, than God himſelf to truſt.

FINIS.

Or will it boot thee, at the lateſt day,
When Judgment ſits, and Juſtice asks thy plea,
That *Philip* that, or *Greg'ry* taught thee this,
Or *John* or *Martin*? *All* may teach amiſs:
For, every contrary in each Extream
This holds alike, and each may plead the ſame.
Wou'dſt thou to *Pow'r* a proper duty ſhew?
'Tis thy firſt task the bounds of pow'r to know;
The *bounds* once paſt, it holds the name no more,
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
Nor were ſubmiſſion humbleneſs expreſt,
But all a low *Idolatry* at beſt.
Pow'r, from above ſubordinately ſpread,
Streams like a fountain from th'eternal head:
There, calm and pure the living waters flow,
But roar a Torrent or a Flood *below*;
Each flow'r, ordain'd the Margins to adorn,
Each native Beauty, from its roots is torn,
And left on Deſerts, Rocks and Sands, or toſt
All the long travel, and in Ocean loſt:
So fares the ſoul, which more that Pow'r reveres
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

FINIS.

MISCELLANIES,

By Mr. *POPE*.

MISCELLANIES,

By Mr. POPE.

MISCELLANIES.

Addenda to the EPITAPHS.

XI.

On EDMUND *Duke of* Buckingham, *who died in the* Nineteenth *Year of his Age*, 1735.

IF modeſt Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry opening Virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a Parent's juſteſt Pride from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a ſinking ſtate;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy Tear,
Or ſadly told, how many Hopes lie here!
The living Virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.

Yet

EPITAPHS.

Yet ſolid Honours, and leſs noiſy Fame
Attend the ſhade of gentle *Buckingham*:
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the laſt Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

On

XII.

On JAMES CRAGGS, *Esq;* in *Westminster Abbey.*

JACOBUS CRAGGS
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR & DELICIÆ:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,
ANNOS HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Stateſman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul ſincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no Title, and who loſt no Friend,
Ennobled by Himſelf, by All approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

XIII.

For one who would not be buried in Weſtminſter Abbey.

HEROES, and KINGS! your diſtance keep:
In peace let one poor Poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

EPIGRAM.

On One who made long Epitaphs.

FRIEND! for your Epitaphs I'm griev'd,
Where ſtill ſo much is ſaid,
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

EPIGRAM.

Engraved on the Collar of a Dog *which I gave to his Royal Highneſs.*

I Am his Highneſs' Dog at *Kew*;
Pray tell me Sir, whoſe Dog are you?

MACER

A

CHARACTER.

WHEN ſimple *Macer*, now of high renown,
Firſt ſought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
'Twas all th' Ambition his high ſoul could feel,
To wear red ſtockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
Some Ends of verſe his Betters might afford,
And gave the harmleſs fellow a good word.
Set up with theſe, he ventur'd on the Town,
And with a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Crown*.
There he ſtop'd ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the moſt of little:
Like ſtunted hide-bound Trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs Verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.

So ſome coarſe Country Wench, almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to town, and firſt turns Chambermaid;
Awkward and ſupple, each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good Lady twice a day;
Thought wond'rous honeſt, though of mean degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her *Simplicity*:

In a tranſlated Suit, then tries the Town,
With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own;
But juſt endur'd the winter ſhe began,
And in four months a batter'd Harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
To bawd for others, and go ſhares with Punk.

CLOE:
A CHARACTER.

"YET Cloë ſure was form'd without a Spot—
'Tis true, but ſomething in her was *forgot*.
" With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
" Say what can Cloë want?—She wants a *Heart*.
She ſpeaks, behaves, and acts juſt as ſhe ought;
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
Virtue ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
So very reaſonable, ſo unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breaſt,
Can mark the figures on an Indian Cheſt;
And when ſhe ſees her Friend in deep deſpair,
Obſerves how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.

Forbid

Forbid it Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt
She e're should cancel — but she may forget.
Safe is your Secret still in Cloë's out;
But none of Cloë's shall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Cloë know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her Footman put it in her head.
Cloë is prudent — would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Cloë dies.

To Mrs. M. B. *on her Birth-day.*

OH be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a Friend:
Not with those Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years if Life bring nothing new,
But like a Sieve let ev'ry blessing thro',
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more;
Is that a Birth-day? tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year.
Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry Grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.

Let

Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear:
Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft Dream, or Extasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

THE UNIVERSAL-PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in every Age,
In every Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that my self am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left Conscience free, and Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away,
For God is pay'd when Man receives,
T'enjoy, is to obey.

Yet not to Earths contracted Span,
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy Bolts to throw,
And deal Damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better Way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At ought thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe:
To hide the Fault I see;
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so
Since quickned by thy Breath,
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life or Death:

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's Incence rise!

FINIS